THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
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AUG. 7, '09

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More Than
A Million
A Week
Circulation

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To the Young Men of America:

(Chicago, Aug. 7, 1909.)

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¶ In next week's *Saturday Evening Post* on this same page we will show illustrations of the handsomest clothes ever created for young men.

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Ivory Soap . . . . . It Floats.

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THE HUMMING BIRD

Young Brian de Boru Finnegan Chronicles Baseball

By OWEN JOHNSON

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

THEY lay incongruously entwined, reveling on the greensward, making disparaging remarks on the candidates for the Kennedy baseball nine, who flung themselves to and fro in lumbering, unprofessional attempts to capture the cannonade of grounders and liners that Captain Glendenning delivered to them from home-plate.

The three on the coaching line were P. Lentz, the King of the Kennedy, whose two hundred and fifty-six pounds, though it had served the 'varsity football team in many a grueling battle, was somewhat unfitted by nature to gambol on the diamond; Rosebud Mason, whose hands were too delicate, and Dennis de Brian de Boru Finnegan, aged twelve, who, despite his complete and amazing theoretical knowledge of the game, was too small to be distinguished back of second base. And of the three only Finnegan grieved at the deprivation.

Now, the Kennedy aggregation was not one to be proud of, and on this particular afternoon they were not even living up to their own discouraged opinion of themselves. In consequence, Glendenning at the bat, the Gutter Pup at second, and P. Lentz and Finnegan in the observation row, were voluble in their comments. Only Rosebud, who did not wish to discourage Fatty Harris at third, for whom he substituted, remained discreetly silent.

"One out, one on third," announced Glendenning.

The ball went ripping and twisting toward third, where Fatty Harris valorously stopped it with his chest, dove clumsily for it, and after a moment's wild juggling seized it and threw to second. The rest sat down and roared.

"What's the matter?" said Fatty Harris, rubbing his chest and looking foolish.

"Great brain," said Glendenning. "Magnificent!"

"Pretty quick thinking, that," said the Gutter Pup.

"Splendid!" said P. Lentz.

"You see," continued the Gutter Pup mercilessly, "Fatty calculated that the man on third, the moment he fumbled the ball, would run back to second!"

The Kennedy House cheered and hooted.

"You said 'man on first,'" said Harris stubbornly.

"'Third.'"

"I heard you say 'first,'" Harris insisted.

"Too bad. I beg your pardon. Pray forgive me. I probably do not speak distinctly. Try again. Man on third and first; one out. Where is the man, *Mr.* Harris?"

"On third and first."

"I congratulate you. How many out?"

"One."

"Wonderful! Are you quite ready, *Mr.* Harris?"

"Hang it, go on!"

But instead of knocking the ball to Harris, Glendenning sent it sizzling to short, where Lovely Mead, who had settled down to enjoy the further confusion of Harris, caught unawares, stood helplessly, ball in hand, trying to remember the directions.

The four guardians of the sacks sat down and pretended to weep. Glendenning, deeming it time to orate, shouted:

"Come on, come on! Do something with it. Don't stand there fondling it. Throw it away from you—it ain't good to eat. Throw it to right field or over the backstop—anywhere. But throw it, throw it!"

The ball came bounding home.

"Great work! Fine! Bright boy, Lovely. You stop the man at first from scoring. Say, this team is a wonder. This is the finest bunch of vaudeville jugglers ever gotten together. What are you—a lot of truck gardeners? Are we playing button, button, who's got the button?—or what?

"Say, if this goes on I'm going to disband this bunch and organize the Kennedy croquet champions. Then we might beat some one. Now, once more. Repeat the play, and please, *please* remember there is such a thing as second base!"

Finnegan, pillowed on P. Lentz' leviathan back, was silent in disgust—which was the only time silence descended on him.

"What do you think of it, Irish?" said P. Lentz with a grunt.

Finnegan refused to answer.

King Lentz looked at him and saw he was actually suffering.

"Suppose, young Irish, you think you ought to be there?"

Finnegan's fists closed spasmodically.

"Firecrackers," sang out King Lentz, "that bunch of yours is so rank even our gab factory here can't express himself."

P. Lentz

The Tennessee Shad, who had once pitched an outcurve to the Gutter Pup in practice, came up with Jock Hasbrouck, the catcher, and fell languidly over the receptive King Lentz, who remarked sarcastically: "How about that ancient outcurve they tell about?"

"I think I pitched another today," said the Shad, grinning.

King Lentz affected an immense surprise and looked at Jock Hasbrouck for confirmation.

"Straight ball," said Hasbrouck.

"Why, Jock," said the Tennessee Shad sorrowfully, "it did curve."

"Down."

"Hush," said the Shad, laughing. "Think of the Woodhull. We must carefully spread the impression, sort of let it percolate, that I've got everything—outsweeps and inshoots and fancy drops, etcetera, etceteray. Am I right, young Irish?"

Finnegan still refused to comment.

"What's the matter with our rapid-fire talker?" said Jock Hasbrouck in surprise.

"He's taken it to heart," said King Lentz, stopping to gaze mournfully at the spectacle of the Waladoo Bird on first muffing a pop fly that was only trying to steal into his pocket. "Irish doesn't appreciate the humor of it."

"You're all right, Irish," said big Jock Hasbrouck, pulling his ear affectionately. "That's the proper fighting spirit. Still, Bub, we can't win every house championship. The Dickenson has it pinched."

"And the Woodhull?" said Finnegan abruptly.

At this mention of their appointed and malignant enemy a mournful silence fell.

"The Woodhull's bum enough," said Rosebud.

"As bum as that?" said Finnegan with a contemptuous jerk of his thumb.

There was no protest.

"After what happened last fall," said Finnegan tearfully, "we've got to beat the Woodhull; we've just got to."

"Well, young sporting authority," said P. Lentz, somewhat irritated, "what chunk of pearly wisdom have you to offer?"

Dennis de Brian de Boru Finnegan drew himself up to his full four-feet-ten and gazed at them with scorn.

"Give *me* a chance at this nurserymaids' union," he said, and turned on his heel.

II

NOW, when Irish had referred to the Woodhull he had touched them on the raw. In the system of the school it naturally follows that certain houses become traditional rivals, but with the Kennedy and the Woodhull it was more serious. It had all begun with the annual football game in November. The consequent misunderstanding was slightly increased when the Woodhull, in a revengeful spirit, diverted a flock of geese into the Kennedy, and it was not at all alleviated when, in reciprocity, some martyr from the Kennedy caged a skunk and padlocked it to the exit of the Woodhull. A few minor occurrences helped to fan the feud to vendetta heat by the opening of the baseball season; but at the bottom the original difference of opinion went back to the now famous disputed game of football which is posted on the Kennedy records as: Kennedy 6, Woodhull 0; and on the Woodhull records: Woodhull 6, Kennedy 0 (forfeited). Several versions of the myth are now extant, but all agree that the Tennessee Shad, quarterback on the Kennedy, was the originator of the trick. Two questions are still in debate: who won the game, and who smashed the ball. The Woodhull version lays the last to the Tennessee Shad and a sharpened nail; the other eleven variations give proper credit to the Shad, but give to King Lentz and his two hundred and fifty-six pounds the glory of the unparalleled achievement. However that may be, the facts are these: toward the middle of the second half of a scoreless game the Woodhull center fumbled the ball, P. Lentz hurled his two hundred and fifty-six pounds on the coveted pigskin, there was a report like a dynamite explosion, the Tennessee Shad wriggled into the mêlée, seized the flattened leather, concealed it under his jersey and innocently ambled across the goal line, while the entire Woodhull eleven were frantically grubbing for the ball.

Here the game ended and the theoretical discussion began. Jack Rabbit Lawson, the referee, when face to face with the awful dilemma which he was expected to

decide, wisely scudded for the Upper after exclaiming: "I resign!"

The Woodhull claim, tersely put, was that a ball is "dead" when it becomes a dead ball. The Kennedys asserted that the play had not been stopped, that the rules make no mention of the case, and that, anyway, the Woodhulls would have done the same thing if they'd had the chance—which last argument in the logic of boyhood is recognized as a clincher.

At any rate, the question has never been decided, Jack Rabbit Lawson having absolutely refused to commit himself. Each house posted a victory on its records, swore its freshmen on the altar of eternal hatred, and began at once to prepare for the contest in baseball.

Oh, Me Father's Name was Finnegan, Me Mother's Name was Kate

III

FINNEGAN knew baseball—he knew its theory and he knew its history. There prevails a popular error that boys do not study at boarding-school. Nothing could be more unjust. Finnegan studied the sporting almanacs, and his knowledge was thorough and minute. He knew the records of the major leagues from the days of the Baltimore Orioles and Pop Anson, and though he was a little weak on the Southern and Pacific Coast circuits it was not due to any negligence on his part, but to an insufficiency of data.

At this period, when Snorky Green covertly aspired to the Presidency, Doc Macnooder to the control of Standard Oil, while the Tennessee Shad believed that the mantle of the late P. T. Barnum might not be misplaced on his shoulders, and the Gutter Pup—fed on certain popular novels—dreamed of donning a mask and boxing the holder of the heavyweight championship of the world, Irish's ambition was to play third base on the Pittsburghs.

It is true that, witnessing an extravaganza at an early age, he was first tempted to be an Amazon, and wheel and march in the gorgeous, stage-lit parades. But after things were explained to him he stifled this indiscretion.

Now, Finnegan was a character whom the school esteemed because it had been unable to tame him; for a school, unlike a college, respects individuality.

To go no further back than the beginning, on the opening of the school year, as the veterans of the Kennedy were sprawled magnificently on the side lawn, inspecting the new arrivals with caustic, terrifying comments, a buggy deposited on the roadside an immense bag and a small specimen of skin and bones. The new arrival was still in knickerbockers, his necktie had crept up under one ear, his visored cap was slanted over the other, underneath were two very bright eyes, an immense mouth and a nose that pointed to the north star.

"He's under six inches!" said the Gutter Pup. "Some one throw him back in the pond."

"He'll do to black shoes," said the Tennessee Shad.

Now, there are two moments in the life of a prep schoolboy which are distinguished from all others. One is when as a senior he feels older, wiser, bigger than all the rest of the world. Another moment when he feels smaller, more foolish and more ridiculous than at any other time of his existence is when the carriage that has brought him deserts him, and he has to pass the gauntlet of thirty-odd older boys expressly gathered to make his arrival as uncomfortable as possible. Most newcomers hesitate a long moment and go stumbling up the path with their eyes on their boots until halted by an imperious volley of questions:

"Stop there! What's your name?"

"Hi there, freshman! Take off your hat!"

"Give your name. What's your excuse for living?"

On the present occasion the diminutive new arrival only gave a tug or two at the telescope bag, straightened up with comical pertness, knocked further back the visored cap, surveyed the terrifying group of veterans and exclaimed in Gatling-gun fashion:

"Hi there, one of you lazy, long-legged, spindle-shanked, knock-kneed, bow-legged, good-for-nothing roustabouts, jump up there now and give me a hand with me luggage. Lively now, lively!"

Upon hearing this order the Gutter Pup looked at the Waladoo Bird, who looked at Firecrackers Glendenning, who looked at Lovely Mead, whose jaw dropped as he looked sorrowfully at the Tennessee Shad. Then, with one accord, they gazed in perplexity at the impertinent little urchin standing at perfect ease at the end of the walk. The situation was absolutely novel. There was no precedent to govern the case. Had the newcomer been full-sized the probabilities are that his feet would not have touched the ground before he found himself on the third floor back, on his own appointed bed, underneath a heaping pile of his solicitous housemates reaching to the ceiling in what is known as a "pie" formation. But he wasn't full-sized; he was plainly, as the Gutter Pup expressed it, "under six inches," of the class which ought to arrive tearful and homesick. So the receiving committee frowned horribly and sat in stony perplexity.

"Hi there!" said the youngster, unabashed. "What's the matter with you? Is this a deaf and dumb asylum, or am I in Lawrenceville, John C. Green Foundation? Will some one kindly answer? Eh, what?"

"Come here," said the Waladoo Bird, as severe as the Roman himself.

"Come here yourself."

"Come here, you sawed-off, loud-mouthed freshman!" the Waladoo Bird replied.

"Coming, sir, coming at once," said the youngster, who arrived with a handspring, saluted and said roguishly: "Ah there, you sports!"

"Young suckling," said P. Lentz, "you're fresh."

"Why not? I'm young and tender."

"What's your name?"

"What's yours?"

"Freshman, *what's your name?*"

"Oh, very well. I'll begin," said the youngster pleasantly. And before they could recover from their amazement he had executed a rapid double-shuffle, ending with a slap to either boot, and begun in singsong:

Wow, wow, wow, wow, wow!
Oh, me father's name was Finnegan,
Me mother's name was Kate.
Me ninety-nine relations
To you I'll now relate.

Wow, wow, wow, wow, wow!
There was Dan the son of Michael's son,
And O'Toole the son of Mat.
And every son had sixteen sons
Except the son of Pat.

Wow, wow, wow, wow, wow!
Oh, every son had sixteen sons,
But some of them were girls.
And Maggie married Hoolehan,
And Peg refused three earls.

"Stop!" shouted King Lentz fiercely, in order to maintain his gravity.

The urchin stopped.

"What's wrong?"

"Did you hear me ask your name? Did you?"

"That's the next verse," said the unabashed, and immediately started up again:

Wow, wow, wow, wow, wow!
Now Dannie's sons were Flaherties,
And Michael's sons were Flynns,
But Patrick's son was a son of a gun,
And that's where I come in.

"Stop, you wild Irishman!" cried the King again. "Your name's Finnegan?"

"Cute little boy," said Finnegan, smiling.

"Is it?"

"On again, off again, Finnegan."

"What's the rest of it?"

"Dennis de Brian de Boru."

King Lentz looked at Finnegan like a judge of the Inquisition, but the urchin's face remained seraphic.

"Well, Dennis de Brian de Boru Finnegan," said the Gutter Pup, coming to the aid of imperiled tradition, "we won't do a thing to you—oh, no! You're going to be put on an allowance right now, quick!"

"Me no savvy," said the irrepressible.

"We'll give you just fifty words a day and then we're going to seal you up hermetically."

"You are?" said Finnegan defiantly. "You think you can bluff me, do you?—you candy dude, you hog-backed, pipe-legged, squint-eyed, stub-nosed, flop-eared ——"

"Grab him," said the Gutter Pup.

Finnegan left the ground with a jerk and landed in P. Lentz' lap.

"Gag him," continued the Gutter Pup.

Five minutes later Dennis de Brian de Boru Finnegan, gagged and manacled, was carefully leaned against the brick wall while the Gutter Pup sternly addressed him:

"Young Irish, you've got to learn a lot, but don't let that worry you. That's what we're here for. You are about the freshest green tomato that ever came down the pike, but we like 'em fresh; it gives us exercise, keeps our muscles in good condition. Now, you mark what I say to you: fifty words a day is your limit and then the gag for you. We'll see if this house is going to be turned into an echo parlor for you or any other sassy little squib from Squedunk."

The freckled features of Finnegan contracted violently, while the muscles of his jaw seemed to twitch over the inserted gag.

"Why, even the gag won't stop him," said the Tennessee Shad in admiration. "He's still talking."

IV

FOR a week the régime was rigidly enforced without seeming in the least to check the inexhaustible flow of language. Finally, the allowance was increased to five thousand, and, when it seemed that that liberal limit had been exceeded, King Lentz would raise one finger, after the manner of the London police, and say:

"P. Lentz would like a little silence from you, young Irish, or, . . ."

And as Finnegan had learned that royalty's decrees are a command he at once subsided, waiting martyr-like for permission to break out again into double adjectives.

Gradually the urchin's absolute good humor and friendly offers won their way. He became a privileged character, and the Kennedy claimed him as a celebrity.

In the early days of spring Finnegan attained a great ambition; he became an editor of The Lawrence and was assigned to cover the baseball games. Now, Finnegan had a definite idea of the way such contests should be clothed in literary raiment, and for days previous to his first assignment he was seen steeping his imagination in his scrapbook of picturesque accounts of famous contests on the diamond. The more he read the more the conviction grew on him that here was the only, the genuine American Epic. Thus fired with poetic fervor he awaited the day that should enroll him among the masters of English prose.

The game itself was an unusually commonplace one—six to one in favor of the home team against a scrub team from Princeton.

The next evening the future sporting editor of a metropolitan daily, still dissatisfied—as genius should be—with the inadequacy of his efforts, reluctantly turned in his copy. As luck would have it, Mr. Bingham, the senior English master, to whom the duty devolved of a general supervision of The Lawrence and The Lit, was called away to make an address in New York, and that issue of The Lawrence went to publication uncensored.

Within twenty minutes after the time The Lawrence was put on sale the faculty telephones were buzzing with excited inquiries, while Bingham was standing at one end of the line, gazing in horror at a copy of The Lawrence which he held and seeking to explain to

"It was a Bit Rough, Sir, But I've Done Better With This One"

the transmitter just how it had happened. Meanwhile, a crowd of delirious non-subscribers was storming The Lawrence editor and offering twenty-five cents each for the remaining copies of the following picturesque account, which Bingham was gazing at in classic horror:

SPINKED!

LAWRENCEVILLE SPANKS THE PIPPIN ON THE NOSE!

LAWRENCEVILLE, 6; PRINCETON, 1

Barrett, the peerless one, the nifty ten-thousand-dollar beauty from Walla Walla, was in form—that's all. His delivery would have kept a cryptograph specialist figuring through the night. His outdrop had the Princeton scrub carving arabesques on the ozone in mad, frantic, muscle-racking lunges for the elusive horsehide. He had 'em digging trenches with his drops and climbing for cherries with his high ones. He had 'em reaching for the wide ones, like July tomcats sitting on the edge of a fountain and striking for goldfish.

Ross, the scrub pitcher, was very much appreciated by our favorite sons. They bumped him for five ordinaries, soaked a couple of repeats, spanked a three-sacker and smeared the bun for one smoking, sizzling homer.

SCORE BY INNINGS

Smith, the first to lift the locust for the Jungle Puppies, pushed a holst to Walader, who swallowed it without blinking. Hanson frisked the daisy-tops with a whistler that Hicks gobbled up and posted to Stevens. Branch stung a broiler that DeSoto stonewalled and wafted to first.

For Lawrenceville, Charlie DeSoto lounged until he drew four misfits, burglared the second story, and whisked to third when Hickey spilled a Texas leaguer to right. Walader jolted a fast bounder to second, which Hanson congealed to in time to slaughter Hickey at the midway, DeSoto sneaking up the home boulevard with the first brass ring. Butcher Stevens pushed a blue-domer to center. Hastings slapped a screamer over first and, when the footrace was over, Walader was carving his initials on the doormat and our Bill was dusting third. Billy Barnes held up two strikes and three balls to draw for fours, but got three of a kind instead. Hard luck, Bill!

SECOND INNING

Oberfield miscued twice and then shot a safe one over second pocket. Maguire was out in a floater to Hickey. Ross died in his tracks on three fractures, and Hickson chopped a playful one to DeSoto, who jabbed it into Oberfield, making the third demise.

Flash Condit worked out a pass. Cap Keefer, our cerise specialist, could do no better than a gentle winger to center, Barrett nicked one to the chicken coop, which Maguire annexed, while DeSoto raised a steeplechaser which scratched the nebulæ.

THIRD INNING

Our peerless one's assorted strikes continued as deceptive as the green spectacles the farmer put on the cow who wouldn't eat straw.

Wright was sent up for three murderous assaults, Rogers diverted one to the poultry yard. Cap Keefer hugged it, and Smith popped up to Walader.

Hickey refused to bite on a wild one and splashed a rippler over third. Walader expired to send him to Second Avenue with a slow chugger to third; Butcher Stevens caught a sweeper on the solar plexus and hammered it where the nightingale warbles its plaintive lays. Hickey ambled home, and Butcher Stevens roosted on third. Billy Barnes went after a fade-away and died on a zephyr to the curve-box. Flash Condit received the courtesy of the house and toddled, but Keefer was slaughtered on a twister that beat him to first by the Ross Smith route.

FOURTH INNING

Things looked as squally as an actors' boarding house when the invited guest takes two charlotte russes on the first pass. Hanson reached the initial hassock on a butterfinger specialty of Walader's, Branch dropped a hot one in left field, Maguire poached another on the same order, Hanson dusting the pan. Ross showed himself a cute little waiter and strolled as a deadhead, filling the bases. Hickson smote a bronco-bucker to Hickey, who massacred it and nailed Branch to the rubber; Hickson bit the dust on Keefer's quick flip to first. Wright ended the suspense by boosting a lady-bird to short.

At this point Mr. Bingham's self-possession completely deserted him. He fell into an easy chair, ran his lank fingers wildly through his hair and stared at The Lawrence in awe, amazement and consternation.

At this moment who should come in smiling but Dennis de Brian de Boru Finnegan in the flesh. A smile of perfect content was on the young revolutionist, while his right hand held proudly secure his next installment.

"Finnegan," said Bingham, waving The Lawrence toward him. "Did you ——? Is this your work?"

"Why, yes, sir," said Finnegan brightly. "How did you like it?"

Mr. Bingham slowly collected his wits, and his feelings turned from awe to admiration. What he wanted to say was: "Good Heavens, you extraordinary youngster, how did you ever concoct it?" But it is not always wise for a master to say what he thinks. There was the English of Spenser and Addison to be protected. So he simply stared.

"It was a bit rough, sir," said Finnegan apologetically, "but I've done better with this. I think it will please you."

"You have done another, Finnegan?"

"Why, yes, sir—yesterday's game. Would you like to hear it, sir?"

The expounder of the Elizabethan line drew his hand across his forehead, steadied himself and said: "You may begin, Finnegan."

Finnegan curled up on the sofa, flattened his manuscript over his knee, gazed at it fondly a moment and began as preface:

"I thought I'd tell the story by innings, sir. It makes it more dramatic, I think, than to give a résumé first."

"Is that a criticism on modern journalism, Finnegan?"

"Well, sir," said Finnegan with unusual modesty, "I think this is an improvement. It holds you in suspense—gives you the feeling of being there, you know."

"Go on, Finnegan."

"'Lawrenceville, 5; Pennington, 4,'" said Finnegan. "'In the breakaway Tyrell, the first to dust the rubber for the Chaperons ——'"

"Chaperons?" said Bingham, puzzled.

"It's co-ed, you know, sir. 'Chaperons' gives rather a touch of humor, don't you think?"

"I see."

"'In the breakaway Tyrell, the first to dust the rubber for the Chaperons, selected a hole in the circumambient and poked a buzzer over short . . .'"

A Crowd of Delirious Non-Subscribers was Storming The Lawrence Editor

"Go slow, Finnegan," Mr. Bingham interrupted.

"Yes, sir—'Minds soaked a clover-kisser to the far station, which Walader kittened to and whipped to first. . . .'"

"I don't get that, Finnegan."

"What is it, sir?"

"Well, the whole episode is a trifle hazy. What is a clover-kisser?"

"Why, a daisy-scorcher, sir."

"You mean a grounder?"

"A certain kind of a grounder, sir, very low—one that doesn't rise from the grass. Quite different from a bronco-buster or a dewdrop, sir."

"So Walader stopped it and threw to first?"

"Yes, sir."

"Proceed, Finnegan, proceed."

"'Tyrell, who had purloined the second perch, started to ramble to Waladersburgh when Jackson stung the planet DeSoto-wise for a safety, but our iridescent little body-snatcher lassoed it and slaughtered the rally with a staccato lunge to second that completed the double demise.'"

"Now for Lawrenceville," said the master with exceeding gravity.

"'DeSoto streaked the empyrean blue with a white-winger that expired in center.'"

"Just a fly, Finnegan?"

"Yes, sir."

"An ordinary fly?"

"No, sir, a rather high one."

"Continue."

"'Hickey ticked off a slow freight to the pretzel station and cannonballed to first just ahead of Tyrell's heave.'"

"Pretzel station?"

"The curve-box, sir—the pitcher."

"Of course."

"'Stevens unmuzzled a humming bird to the prairies which nested in Jackson's twigs.'"

"Repeat that."

"'Stevens unmuzzled a humming bird ——'"

"I don't like unmuzzled."

"I could say uncorked, sir."

"No, I don't fancy uncorked, either."

"Unhitched, then."

"Never unhitched. The fact is, the use of the words humming bird in this connection does not seem to me appropriate at all."

Finnegan looked very solemn and said with difficulty: "Please, sir, I would like to keep that expression, sir. I'm rather proud of that. A humming bird is a liner, you know, that hums. Please, sir, I hope you'll let me leave that in!"

"Finnegan," said Mr. Bingham with difficult gravity, "you may as well know the truth now. We have decided to adhere to the English language of our fathers."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"I mean that I shall have to edit your copy in future down to the comprehension of the most ignorant college graduate."

"Isn't the grammar right, sir?"

"The grammar is irreproachable."

"What are you going to do, sir?"

"I'm going to translate, Finnegan."

"Translate!"

"And you're going to help me, Finnegan," said Bingham, taking up paper and pencil. "From what I gather the first inning should begin like this: 'Tyrell singled, Minds was out on a grounder to Walader, Tyrell, who had started for third, was caught off second on DeSoto's brilliant catch of Jackson's liner.'"

Finnegan sat silent, staring at his thumbs.

"Is that the way it's got to be done?" he said at last.

"I'm afraid so, Finnegan."

"You're not going to leave in the humming bird, sir?"

"I'm afraid not, Finnegan. 'Unmuzzled' or 'uncorked' or 'unchained' a 'humming bird' is daring, enthusiastic and undoubtedly expressive, but at the present moment the English Department of the Lawrenceville School does not feel strong enough to offer it to the nation."

"What are you going to do with it?" said Finnegan abruptly.

"We'll say: 'Stevens' sizzling liner went straight into the mitt of ——'"

"I won't sign it," said Finnegan hoarsely.

"No, Finnegan, you shall not be subjected to that humiliation."

"You won't let it stand, sir?" said Finnegan, with a last hope.

"No, Finnegan."

"Then I *resign!*" said Finnegan, walking out of the room with trembling lips.

The shock was terrific. Nobody could console him, not even the Tennessee Shad, who told him for his consolation how Keats and Shelley, English poets, had been cut off in the flower of youth by savage critics. For two whole days Irish remained dumb, to the great alarm of the entire house.

Then suddenly, as though nothing had happened, he turned up as voluble as ever. But if outwardly he seemed to have forgotten, inwardly he cherished a mighty scheme of revenge. The Woodhull must taste the bitter dregs of defeat—Bingham was the master of the Woodhull.

V

WHEN finally the Woodhull and the Kennedy gathered for the fray there was but one plan of campaign in both camps—to rattle the enemy! Both teams had been outclassed in the house series, and no one cared particularly about the outcome—no one except the Woodhull and the Kennedy.

Each nine arrived in gang formation. The Woodhull camped down directly behind third base in combative attitudes, and the Kennedy occupied strong ground opposite, as close to first as the law allows. The Woodhull's fish-horn double octet was led by Toots Cortell and his celebrated Confederate bugle. The Kennedys, more ambitious, had organized a symphony orchestra composed of two drums, several cowbells, a harmonica, one lonely flute and supporting horns.

As Fusser McCarty, pitcher for the Woodhull, stepped into the box and prepared to wind himself up for his famous gyroscope delivery, he was greeted by the following

(Continued on Page 24)

The Placid Game of Cricket

BRITISH BRAWN AND DIGNITY AT THE WICKETS

The Batter Shall Preserve His Dignity and Not Hurry

By George Fitch

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL

WHILE riding last summer on the hurricane deck of one of those peculiar skyscraper street cars which abound in England, I saw a sign which bore this simple inscription:

CRICKET MATCH TODAY

I had always longed to see a real cricket match and immediately made the grand descent. The entrance to the field was close at hand, but a tremendous silence prevailed. Was it possible that the game had ended that early in the afternoon? I picked out a shilling, which seemed to be the price *de luxe*, and pushed it to the ancient being in the box-office.

"Is the game over?" I asked anxiously.

"Lor' bless you, no," said that functionary. "It honly began yesterday." And he passed me in.

It was a beautiful English summer day, and an overcoat was almost superfluous. Around a large oval field was a low tier of seats upon which several hundred people sat hunched up and silent. The field was a smooth, grassy lawn, dotted here and there with distinguished-looking gentlemen in white flannel costumes. The spectators did not look interested in the players. The players did not look interested in anything. Just as I entered, however, one of them made a short, violent run, started to do a handspring, apparently, and, instead, hurled a ball at a player who stood before three little sticks, armed with a bat as broad as a doorstep. It was a good ball, but when it arrived the batter merely moved his bludgeon lazily and flicked it out about nineteen feet.

A Solemn and Silent Occasion

I LISTENED for the loud yell of disgust, encouragement, excitement or anxiety which should have followed this play. There was none. Nobody jumped up and whooped: "Run it out!" No one growled, "Dub!" No one snarled, "Get a barn door!" Nobody said encouragingly, "That's feeling 'er, old man." Seven hundred people sat as still as if they had been painted on a backdrop.

The pitcher backed off and did another abortive handspring, a third, a fourth and a fifth, with the same result. Finally, the batter moved his young railroad tie a little more energetically and the ball bounded slowly off down the field. A six-foot statue dissolved into action and rolled heavily after the ball. The batter trotted gently to another set of elongated toothpicks and touched his bat daintily to the ground near it in a leisurely and dignified manner.

"What was that?" I asked, breaking over my American reserve and turning to a neighbor.

"Eh? That's a run," he replied.

A run! No stir; no more excitement about it than would be caused by a single vote at a national election.

"Then it doesn't tie the score?" I asked.

"Oh, dear, no," said the Englishman. "Essex has just come in. Notts made four hundred runs first inning."

This was a trifle dazing. Think of starting in four hundred runs behind and trusting to a batting rally to win out! The neighbor seemed to be a good fellow and willing to give information, so I continued: "This chap a good batter?"

"No, rawther poor; he rarely makes more than ten runs."

And Hans Wagner is satisfied with a couple a game!

"He has only made three so far," continued the native.

"When did he go in?" I asked, using my first scientific term glibly.

"This morning."

I began to feel less respect for those ten runs. Suddenly something really happened. The batter gave a wonderfully awkward swoop with his bat and lifted the ball with a hollow plunk clean out of the field. It was a beautiful hit. I sprang to my feet, ready to assist in the demonstration.

Then I sat down again, blushing. My neighbor said, "Well hit!" approvingly. A couple of spectators put down their papers and looked at the play. Three or four men went away to the refreshment stand. I had created the only disturbance.

"That was a hit for four," said my neighbor kindly. "It counts four runs. It is the longest hit that can be made."

An English home run and no more excitement than you could arouse in a baseball game by dropping a sack of peanuts!

"When was this game started?" I asked.

"Yesterday."

"Did they bat all night?"

"Oh, no, no, no."

"Is there an eight-hour law for cricket batters?"

The joke fell seven thousand fathoms. I did not try to rescue it.

"They will hardly finish the game," said my neighbor calmly.

"By when?"

"Tomorrow evening."

"What will happen then?"

"Nothing; it will be called a draw."

"Do they ever finish a game?"

"Oh, I say! Of course they do. Sometimes they finish one in two days."

Solid and Liquid Scoring

I WATCHED the game for an hour. The batter had an accomplice at the other wicket who ran when he ran and alternated with him at bat. Both of them warmed up as the afternoon wore on and gave a really fine exhibition. They batted balls over the boundaries. They sliced them into bleachers. They dribbled them here and there—everything counts—while the score of each mounted upon the bulletin board by two, three and four runs at a time; but not a sound did they draw, as a rule, from the circle of spectators. Only once there was a mild hand-clapping; one of the men had got his fiftieth run. Nobody spoke aloud, except to his neighbor. Nobody indicated by word of mouth or expression of face that the pitcher ought to go out behind the grandstand and try heaving stones at a cat. No player got up any more speed than a mild trot, and yet this was one of the county matches for the championship of all England, and Essex had a fighting chance for the flag, or the fancy-work, whichever is used in England for a pennant.

The score for Essex mounted up until a few more well-directed swats would make one hundred for the leading batsman—which is as near an event as ever happens in cricket. I was intensely interested, and leaned forward to catch every play. Suddenly the pitcher, who had backed off for his regular sprint, stopped, and started for the clubhouse. The players followed, the audience got up and spread over the field. Here was some life at last. Doubtless the umpire would now be mobbed in some typically English fashion. I got up eagerly.

"What's the row about?" I asked.

"There's no row at all, don't you know?" said the Englishman. "They're stopping for tea."

My interest had touched the Briton's heart and he invited me to partake with him. While we clustered about a tea-table I learned many things about the noble, though not uproarious, game of cricket.

Cricket is a week-end vacation accompanied by light refreshments and a mild, healthy glow. It is called the English national game, but to the visitor abroad it looks more like the English national drink. It is a three-days' ceremony participated in by twenty-two players, six-score boys, five hundred spectators and a tea-urn. A good player will score one hundred runs during a game, while an expert spectator will score twenty cups of tea, ten bottles of ginger beer and a gallon of miscellaneous moisture.

Good Bowlers Practice by Chasing Trolley Cars

The implements used in cricket are a small, hard, leather-covered ball; a wide, flat bat; and a three-legged contrivance called a wicket, which has a small piece of wood across the top called a bail. The batsman takes his place before the wicket, which is stuck into the ground, and tries to prevent the pitcher—or bowler, to be English—from hurling the ball in among its delicate legs and upsetting the bail. This the batter accomplishes by annoying the ball with his large, fat war-club, causing it to fly to various parts of the field.

The object of the game is to put the batter out. This is as difficult to do as it is to convict a trust of wrongdoing. The rules of cricket show their British conservatism by interfering with the process as much as possible. The bowler cannot hurl the ball directly at the wicket. He must throw it to the ground and get the wicket on the bounce. This is enough to discourage any bowler; but, in order to prolong the game still further and avoid change and confusion, the rules forbid the bowler to handle the ball in a natural and effective manner. He cannot rub it in the dirt. He cannot moisten it with his long, glistening tongue. He cannot dig his heel into the ground, wrap one leg around the other and throw outdrops, inshoots and spatter-work effects after the custom of Ed Walsh and other baseball celebrities. He is not allowed to crook his arm at all, but must throw the ball with only a shoulder swing. This interferes with him to a positively painful degree. The only way he can acquire any speed is to take a violent run, swing his arm over his head and abandon the ball in midair. To do this two or three hundred times in the course of a day takes endurance. Good bowlers practice by chasing trolley cars. A bowler who can catch forty cars in an afternoon considers himself in fair form.

The Troubles of the Bowler

BUT this is merely the beginning of the bowler's troubles. The batter is lord of his domain. He makes his score by running to another wicket sixty-six feet away and touching a chalk-line with his bat before the ball is fielded in—but he does not need to run except when he feels like it. A hundred times the perspiring bowler may make his violent run and embryonic handspring. A hundred times the bowler may waggle the bat lazily at the ball and dribble it off a few feet into the grass. On the hundred-and-oneth attempt the bowler may hit the ball far enough to make it safe, in his estimation, to travel to the other wicket in a dignified and leisurely manner. This may happen today or tomorrow; there is no hurry about it.

If a batter is anything like a Hans Wagner he may make one hundred, two hundred or even three hundred runs in the course of a day's play, during which time he will wear out half a dozen bowlers, four or five balls, stop

for tea six times and enjoy himself generally. Cricket is a batter's game entirely. Outside of a few scattered records about bowlers, the only figures kept are batters' averages. Only one man at a time really enjoys himself at cricket and he is the batter. The bowler's life is full of toil and disappointment, though Parliament has frequently been petitioned to do something to relieve the intense suffering of cricket fielders who are sometimes compelled to stand in the cold wind for two days at a time like wooden cigar signs, waiting for balls that never come. Etiquette forbids them to sit down, chew grass, talk to the bleachers or consume the time in any of the ways so popular with the baseball fielder.

There are only a few ways of putting a batter out when he once gets before a wicket. He may miss the ball; this takes great skill because of the size of the bludgeon he uses. Still, it is often done. Should he strike at the ball so violently as to step out of his box the catcher may remove the bail from the wicket—providing he has the ball in his hand—and send the batter to the tea-table.

The bowler may put the batter out by hitting the wicket and knocking off the bail. This seems like an impossibility. In the first place, it would take two years to learn how to throw a ball, pump-handle style, straight enough to hit the wicket once out of ten times. In the second place, the bat is almost as useful as a telegraph pole in guarding the wicket. Still, strange to say, most of the outs are made this way, and many cricket games are completed in three days, which means forty outs. This effectually settles the idea that cricket is no game of skill. Anybody can bat at cricket; a blind man with wooden legs can field in cricket; but only the inspired geniuses can bowl—effectively. Pitching spitballs is child's play beside the bowler's task.

The batter occasionally runs on a ball which may be returned to the wicket before he gets there. This is a very awkward dilemma. Etiquette demands that the batter shall preserve his dignity and not hurry. Likewise the catcher must be a perfect gentleman and show no eagerness in knocking the bail from the wicket.

It is really a painful situation, and careful players do their best to avoid it.

The batter may also fail in eyesight as the game progresses, and, as he is not allowed time off to be measured for spectacles while batting, he may be put out this way. He may develop rheumatism during a damp game and that may bring about his downfall. He may have a business engagement after having batted a couple of days and thus be compelled to let himself be put out. Then again, if he is a very old batter—they play cricket up to the age of eighty and find it a very mild and healthful exercise—he may pass away while batting and, as the batter's position is not hereditary, this constitutes an out.

Errors in Cricket

THE batter might be caught out on a fly ball if it were not for the fielders. A cricket fielder is almost purely decorative. His principal usefulness seems to be in retrieving the ball, not in catching it. A cricketer's fielding record kept in baseball style would be about one hundred and eleven. As a matter of fact, however, errors against fielders are not recorded. But instances where balls are caught are mentioned in the papers. If the fielder misses a ball it is held to be that much more credit to the batsman.

He Sees That the Fielders Do Not Go to Sleep

I Sprang to My Feet, Ready to Assist in the Demonstration

I do not mean to say, however, that there are no errors in cricket. There are errors, and very glaring ones, too; but they have very little to do with the ball. Here are some of the worst:

Failing to say, "Thank you," when a fellow player has tossed you the ball.

Failing to say, "Beg pardon," when you have driven the ball into a fielder's thorax.

Failing to bow to persons of title present at the game.

Wearing tan shoes.

Splitting infinitives.

Leaving your spoon in your cup at tea.

Playing after six P. M. without a dinner coat.

Going out of the field by the wrong gate. A cricket field has two gates, one for amateurs, who may have their initials on the scorecards, and one for professionals, who are called plain "Waggs" or "Bjones" without any handle.

It will be readily seen from these few samples of the many hundred cricket rules that the game is really much more difficult than baseball. While the latter may be learned by a red-headed boy between the ages of six and nineteen, cricket can only be mastered after years of the most earnest study in universities and parlors. Many cricketers do not perfect their game until past sixty, after which, however, they play year upon year without an error, using the same magnificent grammar.

Each side has two innings and ten outs to each inning, which means that forty batters must be disposed of by some intervention of Providence in every full-grown cricket game. This makes the pastime interesting in a statistical way. In fact, the most expert part of the game is the scoring. Three men and a boy can keep the score of a good tepid game and their work is hard and exciting. They work on a huge bulletin board with large printed figures and must keep track of all departments of the game, including the total number of runs, the runs scored by the batters, the number of men who have been put out or have left the game through emigration or removal to some other district, the number of "maidens" and "overs," the names of the batsmen and the movements of the nobility during the progress of the match. This requires great executive and athletic ability. Almost any one can play a little cricket, but it is a very difficult thing to find an accomplished scoreboy.

Thrilling News From the Creases

IT IS possible for one man to score as many as four hundred runs in one game, if he carefully preserves his health during the match and is a gentleman of leisure, not interrupted by business. A team will sometimes score more than a thousand runs. The large figures often rolled up make the cricket scores in the English papers as interesting as the result of an American national election. Day after day the partisan of an English cricket team follows the result of a game in his newspaper, noting with satisfaction such bulletins as "West Wimbleton, with nine batsmen yet to hear from, now has three hundred and forty-five runs in its match against Stokesbury-Hegswich." "At four o'clock today, with four wickets down, Ham-Sandwich had a lead of seven hundred and eighty-five runs over Stoke Pogis." "The match between Peebleby and North Throckmortonshire was today declared drawn in order to allow the players to go home to vote. Peebleby led at close of play with four hundred and eighty-seven runs in the first inning."

Two cricketers bat at a time, one at each wicket. The other nine cricketers on the team which is "in" sit on the clubhouse veranda until their turns come. Waiting for your grandmother to die is almost as exciting as this procedure. They may wait an hour or a day; but they cannot do anything. They cannot converse luridly with the umpire. It is against etiquette, in the first place; in the second, it isn't necessary. There is an umpire, of course, but he doesn't amount to much. He sees that the ground is rolled between innings; that the fielders do not go to sleep, and that no rude, intoxicated individual creates a disturbance by shouting, "Hit 'er out, old head!" But with that his duty ends. There are no close decisions; it would be unmannerly in the players to create them. There was once an American baseball player who joined the English cricket team and slid fourteen feet to the other wicket on his first hit. All England quivered with horror for a week, and he was conducted outside the boundaries of the country by a committee of public safety.

There is nothing for the waiting batters to do, in fact, but partake of refreshments. This requires almost as much endurance as bowling. Only a man with a good constitution can stand the strain of two days' waiting on a clubhouse veranda surrounded by tea-tables. Many a man's stomach has given completely away under the grueling of a fierce cricket match.

Any one who has seen a game of cricket and has watched its gradual development from day to day, until the climax has been reached and another two hours will tell whether the visiting team will win or the game will be called because of a legal holiday, cannot but be impressed with the solemnity of the occasion. There are no rooters, no yells, no quarrels. Half the audience reads sporting papers and only looks up to assist in the dignified applause when a player has been put out. Putting a player out is the only feat in cricket worth mentioning and it always causes a stir. The most interesting sight in cricket is the parade of the retired batter from the wicket to the clubhouse—one hundred yards right in the full focus of the public gaze. If the batter has made one hundred runs it is a march of triumph. If he has been bowled for three, and has absorbed two or three hours of time in amassing those, it is as chilly a path as an expedition on the Arctic sea in a summer suit.

The Dignity of Good Cricketers

OF COURSE, sometimes during the close of a match a crisis arises in which it becomes necessary for a batsman to make a few dozen runs or see his team defeated. This brings an element of chance and excitement into the game which is sincerely deplored, since it leads young and headstrong players to use undignified haste in running between wickets and to grunt loudly in their endeavors to hit the ball for four. As a rule, however, the players resist these impulses. A true cricket player, with one run to make to win, will allow himself to be put out between wickets rather than show evidences of eagerness which would mar the perfection of the game.

It is extremely interesting to note, however, that the batsmen in this mild and good-natured game are more completely armored than a baseball catcher. The batter wears shin-guards and leg-guards, gloves and knuckle-guards, and sometimes a conning tower for the pit of his stomach. Thus protected, he is able to look with indifference at the gyrations of the heavy ball, which feels and acts like a pound of putty, and to make as many runs by being hit on the shins as by thumping the sphere with his bludgeon.

(Concluded on Page 31)

This the Batter Accomplishes by Annoying the Ball With His Large, Fat War-Club

The Gentlemen From Missouri

WHAT THE BANK EXAMINER DOES AND DOES NOT DO

By Harry Snowden Stabler

ILLUSTRATED BY H. M. BUNKER

EVERY now and then one sees in the papers a sentence like this: "And it was found that the embezzlement had been going on for months, maybe for years." It is then that the distraught stockholder or depositor sits up and wails: "Where the dickens was the bank examiner all this time; what's he for, anyhow?"

If that question were put to the present Comptroller of the Currency it would probably be answered by another like this: "Where were your directors all this time and what do you think they are for?"

To the average stockholder or depositor that question would be a poser. Many and many a director could not answer the question, either. And thereby hangs a tale.

Room 216 in the Treasury Department at Washington is occupied by a gentleman named Murray—Lawrence O. Murray, to be more explicit. He is very quiet, courteous and, seemingly, kindly disposed. Also, he understands his job—the same being that of Comptroller of the Currency. He has been spoken of as the "human dynamo" and "the man who strikes twelve every time he gets his hammer out."

The latter phrase would seem to imply that he is a "knocker." And he is. But there are two kinds of "knockers." One smashes at everything in reach merely from habit and instinct; the other might be compared to a carpenter who hammers a house together. To pursue the simile further, the Comptroller's house has about a hundred nails holding it together and he is driving every one of them to see that they go true and hold fast.

Not long ago he called together as many of these hundred national bank examiners as were available on a certain day for a conference.

In the talk that followed he was careful to say that certain of his words were meant only for those men whose work was not up to his standard and who were making no effort to reach it.

A Talk by Comptroller Murray

HE INFORMED them that there could be no successful administration of his bureau unless their reports absolutely revealed the true condition of the banks they examined. "Some of these reports," he said, "indicate that a few examiners do not realize the obligations of their office. Embezzlements have failed of discovery, defalcations and dishonesty have been concealed from you, and in many cases you have failed correctly or even approximately to estimate the value of paper and securities held by the bank.

"There are in this office instances where an examiner has failed to discover, although he made several successive examinations, various shortages and other criminal wrongdoing in the bank.

"If getting fees from the bank is more important to you than getting information about the bank for me, then resign at once."

He went on to say that "it would increase the value of such examination if the examiners would call upon a committee of two or three members of the board of directors and have them go over the entire discounts of the bank with him.

"Such a committee should be selected by the examiner himself and should consist of members of the board of directors other than the regular discount committee. At each examination during the year a different set of directors should make up this committee. But this is rarely, if ever, done.

"In this way, during any given year, a large number and, possibly, every member of the board of directors would be compelled to inspect the loans and discounts of the bank and pass judgment upon their value and character. This practice would compel directors to have a knowledge of the affairs of the banks of which they are directors; would prevent improper practices on the part of the members of the discount committee which have sometimes led to the wrecking of banks, and would unquestionably be an aid to the examiner.

"Do not let me," he continued, "give the impression that I believe the system of bank examination is a failure. We have some men who are doing work equal to any work that is being done in any branch of the Government service. Great help is being given to banks by the splendid efforts that they have made and are making at the present time.

"In the main, the system has worked well. But we have had in the past and have today some examiners who are looking more to the fees they can gather in than to the conscientious performance of their duty.

"There is no use in saying that the present system of bank examinations is wrong in theory. That is beside the question; for it is the only system which Congress has given us to work under, and we must do the best we can with it. A good man will work a bad system quite successfully. But a poor man and a poor system make a hopeless combination.

"If you are unable to meet the standards which I require, and if you are unable to discover the true condition of a bank, do not send excuses; simply send in your resignation and your commission for cancellation."

That this talk means business will be shown by the following, told to the writer by Mr. Murray himself: "An examiner wrote me about like this: 'There must be something wrong with the books of this bank. Unless there is I do not see why the cashier should take some of them home with him at night.'"

The Comptroller replied: "You are hereby suspended without pay. A competent man will be sent to examine the bank, and if anything wrong is found you will be discharged." Now, all of the foregoing is good enough for those men who are incompetent. But the writer believes that those who are even approximately keeping up to Mr. Murray's standard are about the hardest-worked, poorest-paid men in the Government employ.

They are specialists of the highest class, possessing qualifications in the way of personality, knowledge and practical ability that in many other walks of life would earn for them three or four times the money they now make.

The Comptroller says: "The examiner should, in every instance, inform himself as fully as possible in regard to the value of every note and collateral found in the bank and the financial responsibility of all makers and indorsers of paper."

Taken literally, this seems nothing less than the performance of a physical impossibility. In the case of a bank the bulk of whose business is done with corporations, bankers, brokers and other financial interests it is feasible, because most of this bank's loans would be upon collateral whose value is listed day by day in the market reports.

Credit Man for Half a Million

ON THE other hand, take a certain bank whose combined loans and discounts are about four million dollars. It is situated in the heart of a great wholesale district, far away from the financial center of the city. Of these four million dollars only about one hundred thousand are loaned upon collateral. The rest is business paper, the makers and the indorsers on hundreds of thousands of it scattered all over ten or twelve states.

To the writer's mind the phrase "as fully as possible" means practically ignoring the makers of this paper and judging of its value solely by the financial standing of the bank's customers for whom it is discounted.

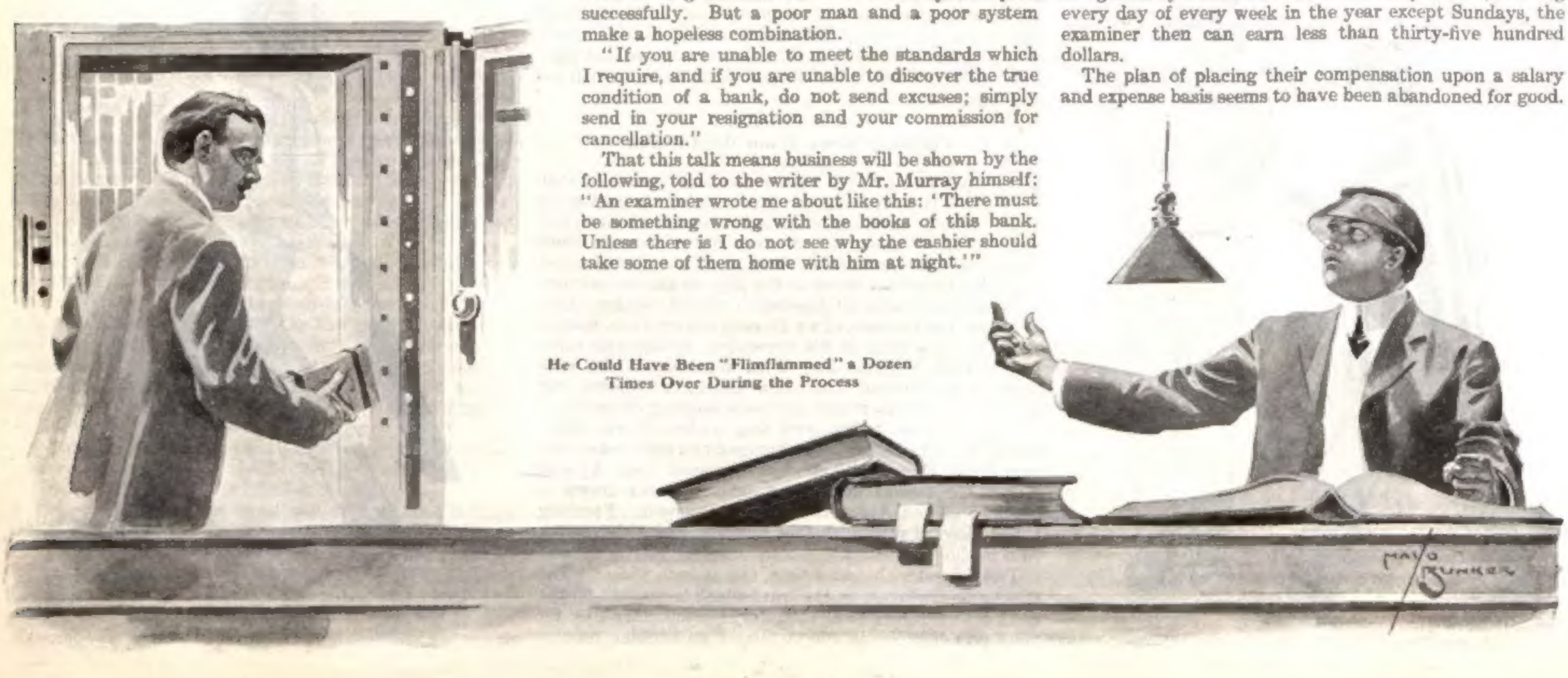
Even at that the examiner who has charge of, say, twenty national banks in one city would have to be practically the credit man for a population of half a million people.

There are many credit men whose salaries are all the way from five to fifteen thousand dollars a year. And they are worth every cent of it, too. Our Uncle Sam's credit men, on the average, get about two-thirds of the smaller sum.

Of course, the great majority of national banks are in the smaller towns and cities. The average compensation is somewhere between twenty and thirty dollars per examination. Out of this the examiner must pay his expenses, hotel bills and railroad fare. If he has an assistant he must pay that assistant's salary out of his own pocket.

Allowing two days to each bank the examiner and his assistant can earn about ninety dollars per week. Suppose one gets sixty dollars and the other thirty dollars, working every day of every week in the year except Sundays, the examiner then can earn less than thirty-five hundred dollars.

The plan of placing their compensation upon a salary and expense basis seems to have been abandoned for good.



He Could Have Been "Flimflammed" a Dozen Times Over During the Process

The old fee system has been retained with a few changes, as in the case of certain banks whose capital is small and whose resources are very large. The fee for examining such banks has been grievously insufficient, examiners having repeatedly lost money on them. In these cases the percentage is now based upon gross assets.

But the system of remuneration is utterly wrong in theory, inadequate and vicious in practice. In a Government so liberal in expenditure along other lines of far less importance it is a queer illustration of how picayune and obstinate such a body of men as form the Monetary Commission can be.

The Comptroller says that "in the main, the system has worked well." The marvel is that it has been satisfactory in any degree.

It will surprise many to learn that an examiner can become disliked on account of his thorough methods as well as for personal reasons. Some of them are even blamed for doing what the banks should be glad to have them do. The records are sometimes kept in such a manner that it is difficult to understand them.

Some officials are absurdly quick to take offense, as was the cashier of a bank which held more than a hundred thousand dollars in bonds for investment. He started to take them out and show them to the examiner, one lot at a time, putting each bundle back as it was counted. The examiner very tactfully demurred at this manner of counting them, for he could have been "flimflammed" a dozen times over during the process. When he insisted upon all of them being placed before him at once the cashier grew very angry and wrote to the Comptroller that he had been insulted. Nowadays, examiners take pleasure in saying that complaints upon such grounds will receive scant consideration from the present administration in the Treasury Department.

Crookedness Exposed by Coöperation

THE Comptroller is testing various plans whereby his representatives can get better results. A means to this end is the division of the whole country into eleven districts, each under the nominal charge of an examiner at large. The men in each district get together every now and then and compare notes.

At least one big fraud has been brought to light by this plan. In that instance an examiner was going over the discounts in a bank with a committee of directors. All went well until the examiner came to the point where he could show them the results. Coming to a note for twenty-five thousand dollars he slid it across the table to the three men opposite. "That's worthless," he said briefly.

They laughed outright. "Why, it's as good as gold; we would like to have more of the same."

"You are lucky," said the examiner, pulling out a notebook. "I have here a memorandum of over half a million dollars of the same paper held by various banks throughout this section of the country." Picture!

Another and very important plan is the cooperation between the national and the state bank examiners. The two classes of banks are frequently as different in management as in the laws that govern them; yet they are often closely affiliated. Crooked transactions have been passed between such institutions of which there was no record of any kind in either one. It would, therefore, be a great advantage if the state banks were subject to a call for their statements of condition on the same day that the national banks issued theirs.

There was a certain large bank which dominated some smaller banks in the surrounding towns to such an extent that it habitually worked off its bad paper on them. To illustrate this, Mr. Murray drew a circle with six or seven lines radiating from it. Whether he intended it or not, the comparison was obvious, for it appeared to be a huge spider or centipede forcing its virus into its claws.

In April of this year the Comptroller fixed the rules under which examiners will be selected in the future. All applications for appointment are to be referred to the examiners already at work. The position is taken that an examiner should have worked in a bank, and a well-managed bank at that. Hereafter, the Comptroller will not consider the application of an employee in a poorly-managed institution.

The men who make the investigations concerning the applicant have been given definite instructions as to methods, and they have also been admonished not to allow their judgment to be warped in the slightest by friendly or political considerations. The appointees are allowed six months in which to show their capability. If at the end of that time they prove unadapted to the work they are requested to resign.

The examiners, bankers and the public generally are to be congratulated upon this stride forward. But it is not only through his examiners that the Comptroller has set out to better all-around conditions. About the time he gave the foregoing talk to some of them he had arranged to focus the responsibility for mismanagement and criminal wrongdoing in banks upon the proper persons.

Dozens of the Recipients Rushed In

You have doubtless heard of the game of "twenty questions," wherein the questioner attempts to identify a particular thing in the mind of the person questioned, no matter what it is—"ancient or modern, animal, vegetable or mineral."

Well, Mr. Murray has gone the number of questions nine better, and the final result will be, to say the least, illuminating. For he proposes to find out how much the fifty thousand national bank directors in this country know about the seven thousand banks they are supposed to direct, which hold approximately nine billions of the people's money.

This list of questions, twenty-nine in all, produced a howl of laughter, derision and protest. Some of them were called absurd, ridiculous and useless. But this is because the reasons for them were not—in some cases are not yet—understood. Neither are they to be asked by the examiner more than once. They are as follows:

1. What is the number of the directors of the bank?
2. What number was present at this examination?
3. How many of the directors know the condition of the bank in all its details?
4. How many have but a general knowledge of the condition of the bank?
5. How many know nothing at all about the condition of the bank?
6. How many attend board meetings with regularity?
7. Have the directors full knowledge of the habits and general standing of the bank employees?
8. Do the directors approve loans before or after they are made, or do they leave this important duty to a committee or to the officers of the bank?
9. If they approve loans, is their approval of record in each case?
10. Can the directors certify to the genuineness of the signatures to the notes discounted by the bank?
11. Do the directors authorize overdrafts?
12. Do they tacitly permit officers to allow overdrafts?
13. Do any of the directors, other than members of the discount committee, examine and verify loans and discounts?
14. How often do the directors examine and list all collateral held by the bank?
15. How often do the directors examine and list all stocks, securities and real-estate mortgages owned by the bank?
16. Do the directors direct the calling in and balancing of pass-books and satisfy themselves as to the correctness of the account?
17. Do the directors require the verification of accounts-current at irregular or stated dates and satisfy themselves as to the correctness of accounts?
18. Have the directors verified outstanding certificates of deposit, certified checks and cashier's checks?
19. Have the directors examined into the condition of the lawful money reserve?
20. Do they know whether or not banknotes are carried into the reserve?
21. Does a committee of the directors count the cash periodically?
22. Has a committee of the directors ever checked up the stock ledger?
23. Have the directors examined the profit-and-loss and expense accounts?
24. Have the directors compared the bank's copy of its last report of condition and statement of earnings and dividends with the books of the bank as of the same dates?
25. How many of the directors read the letters of criticism from the Comptroller?
26. Do they read carefully the replies made in answer to letters written to the Comptroller?
27. What steps are taken by the directors to correct matters criticised by the Comptroller?
28. How many of the directors have read the National Bank Act?
29. How many know the duties of directors and what the courts have decided as to the responsibility and liability of directors?

Mr. Murray expressed the opinion to the writer that, of the five hundred banks at present insolvent, not one would have failed had its directors attended to their duties in a proper manner.

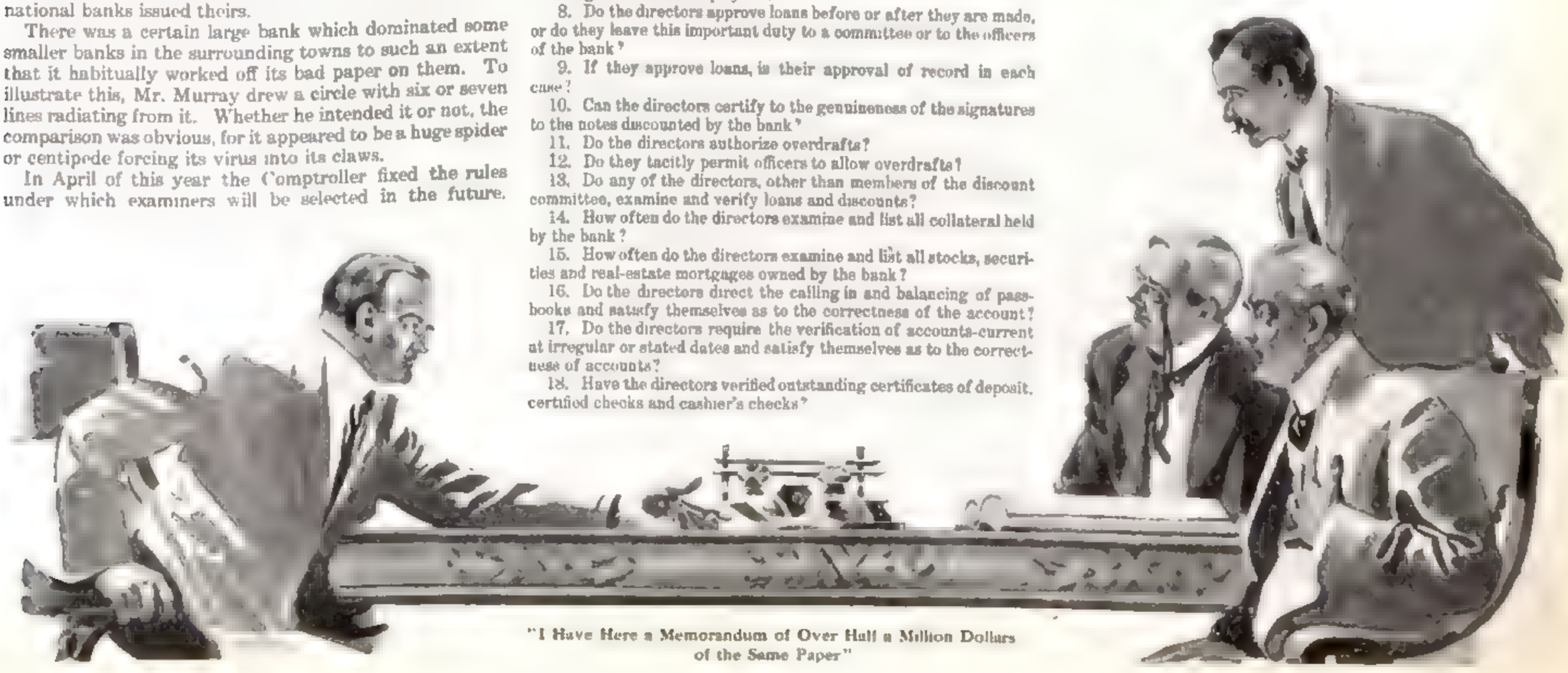
Each one of the foregoing questions has been prepared with great care and with the definite purpose of putting each bank on record as to the efficiency of its management.

The Reason for Number Ten

QUESTION No. 10, for instance, which brought about so much criticism on account of its obvious impossibility, was placed there for a specific purpose, as it will show up a spot admittedly weak, but which the examiner has no means of strengthening. The Comptroller does not expect this question to be answered affirmatively very often. But he confesses that the replies to this question, as well as others, have impressed him agreeably. Nevertheless, if the men in charge of a bank cannot certify to the genuineness of the signatures on the notes they discount, how are the bank examiners going to do it?

Many plans have been suggested at one time and another by which it was supposed that the examiner could determine the genuineness of all notes discounted by a bank. All of the Comptrollers have held that no workable plan could be devised by which it could be done. Through replies to No. 10 the Comptroller will be able to demonstrate positively that no person, either among the directors or among the officers, much less among the examiners, will be able to certify to the genuineness of discounted notes except those which are distinctly local in character.

(Concluded on Page 32)



"I Have Here a Memorandum of Over Half a Million Dollars of the Same Paper"

THE DANGER MARK

By Robert W. Chambers

AUTHOR OF THE FIGHTING CHANCE AND THE FIRING LINE

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

V

LATE on a fragrant mid-June afternoon young Seagrave stood on the Long Terrace to welcome a guest whose advent completed a small house-party of twelve at Roya-Neh.

"Hello, Duane!" cried the youthful landowner in all the pride of new possession, as Mallett emerged from the motor; "frightfully glad to see you, old fellow! How is it in town? Did you bring your own rods? There are plenty here. What do you think of my view? Isn't that rather fine, looking down through the trees at the lake below? There are bass in it. Those things standing around under the oaks are only silly English fallow deer. Sorry I got 'em. What do you think of my house? It's merely a modern affair worked up to look old and colonial. . . . Yes, it certainly does resemble the real thing, but it isn't. No Seagraves 'fit and bled' here. Those are Geraldine's quarters up there behind the leaded windows. Those are Kathleen's where the dinky woodbine twineth. Mine face the east, and yours are next. Come on out into the park ——"

"Not much!" returned young Mallett. "I want a bath!"

"The park," interrupted Scott excitedly, "is the largest fenced game-preserve in America! It's only ten minutes to the Sachem's Gate if we walk fast."

"I want a bath and fresh linen."

"Don't you care to see the trout? Don't you want to try to catch a glimpse of a wild boar? I should think you'd be crazy to see ——"

"I'm crazy about almost any old thing when I'm well scrubbed; otherwise, I'm merely crazy. That was a wild trip up. I'm all over cinders."

A woman came quietly out on to the terrace and Duane instantly divined it, though his back was toward her and her skirts made no sound.

"Oh, is that you, Kathleen?" he cried, pivoting. "How d'ye do?" with a vigorous handshake. "Every time I see you you're three times as pretty as I thought you were when I last saw you."

"Neat but involved," said Kathleen Severn. "You have a streak of cinder across that otherwise fascinating nose."

"I don't doubt it! I'm going. Where's Geraldine?"

"Having her hair done in your honor; return the compliment by washing your face. There's a maid inside to show you."

"Show me how to wash my face!" exclaimed Duane, delighted. "This is luxury ——"

"I want him to see the Gray Water before it's too late, with the sunlight on the trees and the big trout jumping," protested Scott.

"I'll do my own jumping if you'll furnish the tub," observed Duane. "Where's that agreeable maid who washes your guests' faces?"

Kathleen nodded an amused dismissal to them. Arm in arm they entered the house, which was built out of squared blocks of field stone. Scott motioned the servants aside and did the piloting himself up a broad stone stairs, east along a wide, sunny corridor full of nooks and angles and antique sofas and potted flowers.

"Not that way," he said; "Dysart is in there taking a nap. Turn to the left."

"Dysart?" repeated Duane. "I didn't know there was to be anybody else here."

"I asked Jack Dysart because he's a good rod. Kathleen raised the deuce about it when I told her, but it was too late. Anyway, I didn't know she had no use for him. He's certainly clever at dry-fly casting. He uses pneumatic bodies, not cork or paraffin."

"Is his wife here?" asked Duane carelessly.

"Yes. Geraldine asked her as soon as she heard I'd written to Jack. But when I told her the next day that I expected you, too, she got mad all over, and we had a lively talkfest. What was there wrong in my having you and the Dysarts here at the same time? Don't you get on?"

"Charmingly," replied Duane airily. . . . "It will be very interesting, I think. Is there anybody else here?"

"De Lancy Grandcourt. Isn't he the dead one? But don't mind. The things you do rather gracefully seem Geraldine wanted him. And there's that stick of a Quest girl, and Bunbury Gray. Naida came over this afternoon from the Tappans' at Diron Hill—thank goodness ——"

"I didn't know my sister was to be here."

"Yes; and you make twelve, counting Geraldine and me and the Pink 'uns."

"You didn't tell me it was to be a round-up," repeated Duane, absently surveying his chintz-hung quarters. "This is a pretty place you've given me. Where do you get all your electric lights? Where do you get fancy plumbing in this wilderness?"

"Our own plant," explained the boy proudly. "Isn't that corking water? Look at it—heavenly cold and clear, or boiling hot, whichever way you're inclined"—turning on a silver spigot chiseled like a cherub. "That water comes from Cloudy Lake, up there on that dome-shaped mountain; here—stand here beside me, Duane, and you can see it from your window. That's the Gilded Dome—that big peak. It's in our park. There are a few elk on it—not many, because they'd starve out the deer. As it is, we have to cut browse in winter. For Heaven's sake, hurry, man! Get into your bath and out again, or we'll miss the trout jumping along Gray Water and Hurryon Brook."

"Let 'em jump!" retorted Duane, forcibly ejecting his host from the room and locking the door. Then, lighting a cigarette, he strolled into the bathroom and started the water running into the porcelain tub.

He was in excellent spirits, quite undisturbed by the unexpected proximity of Rosalie Dysart or the possible renewal of their hitherto slightly-hazardous friendship. He laid his cigarette aside for the express purpose of whistling ragtime while undressing.

Half an hour later, bathed, shaved and sartorially freshened, he selected a blue cornflower from the rural bouquet on his dresser, drew it through his buttonhole, gave a last alluring twist to his tie, surveyed himself in the mirror, whistled a few bars, was perfectly satisfied with himself; then, unlocking the door, he strolled out. Having no memory for direction he took the wrong turn.

A distractingly-pretty maid laid aside her sewing and rose from her chair to set him right; he bestowed upon her his most courtly thanks. She was unusually pretty, so he thanked her again, and she dimpled, one hand fingering her apron's edge.

"My child," said he gravely, "are you by any fortunate chance as good as you are ornamental?"

She said that she thought she was.

"In that case," he said, "this is one of those rare occasions in a thankless world where goodness is amply and instantly rewarded."

She made a perfunctory resistance, but looked after him, smiling, as he sauntered off down the hallway, rearranging the blue cornflower in his buttonhole. At the turn by the window, where potted posies stood, he encountered Rosalie Dysart in canoe costume—sleeves rolled up, hair loosened, becomingly tanned, and entirely captivating in her thoughtfully-arranged disarray.

"Why, Duane!" she exclaimed, offering her hands with that impulsively unstudied gesture she carefully cultivated for such occasions.

He took them; he always took what women offered.

"This is very jolly," he said, retaining the hands and examining her with unfeigned admiration. "Tell me, Mrs. Dysart, are you by any fortunate chance as good as you are ornamental?"

"I heard you ask that of the pretty maid around the corner," said Rosalie coolly. "Don't let the bucolic go to your head, Mr. Mallett." And she disengaged her hands, crossed them behind her, and smiled back at him. It was his punishment. Her hands were very pretty hands and well worth holding.

"That maid," he said gravely, "has excellent manners. I merely complimented her upon them . . . What else did you—ah hear, Mrs. Dysart?"

"What one might expect to hear wherever you are concerned. . . . What only offensive when other men do them. . . . Have you just arrived?"

"An hour ago. Did you know I was coming?"

"Geraldine mentioned it to everybody, but I don't think anybody swooned at the news. . . . My husband is here."

She still confronted him, hands behind her, with that audacious allure which challenged. Her whole being was always a delicate and perpetual challenge. There are such women. Over her golden-brown head the late summer sunlight fell, edging her full, supple figure and bared arms with a rose light.

"Well?" she asked with flushed cheeks.

"If only you *were* as good as you are ornamental," he said, looking at her impudently. "But I'm afraid you're not."

"What would happen to me if I were?"

"Why," he said with innocent enthusiasm, "you would have *your* reward, too, Mrs. Dysart."

"The sort of reward which I heard you bestow a few moments ago upon that maid? I'm no longer the latter, so I suppose I'm not entitled to it, am I?"

The smile still edged her pretty mouth; there was an instant when matters looked dubious for her; but a door opened somewhere in the corridor, and, still smiling, she slipped by him and vanished into a neighboring corridor.

Howker, the old butler, met him at the foot of the stairs.

"Tea is served on the Long Terrace, sir. Mr. Seagrave wishes to know whether you would care to see the trout jumping on the Gray Water this evening? If so, you are please not to stop for tea, but go directly to the Sachem's Gate. Redmond will guide you, sir."

"All right, Howker," said Duane absently, and strolled on along the hall, thinking of Mrs. Dysart.

The front doors swung wide, opening on the Long Terrace, which looked out on a valley a hundred feet below, where a small lake glimmered as still as a mirror against a background of golden willows and low, green mountains.

There were a number of young people pretending to take tea on the terrace; and some took it, and others took other things. He knew them all, and went forward to greet them. Geraldine Seagrave, a new and bewitching coat of creamy tan tinting cheek and neck, held out her hand with all the engaging frankness of earlier days. Her clasp was firm, cool and nervously cordial—the old, confident affection of childhood once more.

"I am so glad you came, Duane. I've really missed you." And sweeping the little circle with an eager glance: "You know everybody, I think. The Dysarts have not

yet appeared, and Scott is down at the Gate Lodge. Come and sit by me, Duane."

Two or three girls extended their hands to him—Sylvia Quest, shy and quiet; Muriel Wye, white-skinned, black-haired, red-lipped, red-cheeked, with eyes like melted sapphires and the expression of a reckless saint; and his blonde sister, Naida, who had arrived that afternoon from the Tappans' estate, across the mountain.

De Lancey Grandcourt, uncouth and highly colored, stood up to shake hands; Bunbury Gray, a wiry, bronzed little polo-playing squadron man, hailed Duane with enthusiasm.

"Awfully glad to see you, Bunny," said Duane, who liked him immensely. "Oh, how are you?" offering his hand to Reginald Wye, a hard-riding, hard-drinking, straight-shooting young man, who knew nothing on earth except what concerned sport and the drama. He and his sister of the sapphire eyes and brilliant cheeks were popularly known as the Pink 'uns.

Jack Dysart arrived presently, graceful, supple, always smilingly elaborate of manner, apparently unconscious that he was not cordially admired by the men who returned his greeting. Later, Rosalie came, enchantingly demure in her Greuzelike beauty. Chardin might have made her, possibly Fragonard. She did not resemble the Creator's technic. Dresden teacups tinkled, ice clattered in tall glasses, the two fountains splashed away bravely, prettily-modulated voices made agreeable harmony on the terrace, blending with the murmur of leaves overhead as the wind stirred them to gossip. Over all spread a calm evening sky.

"Tea, dear?" asked Geraldine, glancing up at Mrs. Dysart. Rosalie shook her head with a smile.

Lang, the second man, was flitting about, busy with a decanter of Scotch. A moment later Rosalie signified her preference for it with a slight nod. Geraldine, who sat watching indifferently the filling of Mrs. Dysart's glass, suddenly leaned back and turned her head sharply, as though the aroma from glass and decanter were distasteful to her. In a few minutes she rose, walked over to the parapet and stood leaning against the coping, apparently absorbed in the landscape.

The sun hung low over the flat little tree-clad mountains which the little lake, now inlaid with pink and gold, reflected. A few fallow deer moved quietly down there, ruddy spots against the turf.

Duane, carrying his glass with him, rose and stepped across the strip of grass to her side, and, glancing askance at her, was on the point of speaking when he discovered that her eyes were shut and her face colorless and rigid.

"What is it?" he asked, surprised. "Are you feeling faint, Geraldine?"

She opened her eyes, but did not turn around.

"It's nothing," she answered calmly. "I was thinking of several things."

"You look so white ——"

"I am perfectly well. Bend over the parapet, Duane. Look down at those rocks. What a tumble! What a death!"

He placed his glass between them on the coping and leaned over. She did not notice the glass for a moment. Suddenly she wheeled as though he had spoken, and her eyes fell on the glass.

"What is the matter?" he demanded, as she turned on her heel and moved away.

"I'm a trifle nervous, I believe. If you want to see the big trout breaking on Hurryon you'd better come with me."

She was walking swiftly down the drive to the south of the house. He overtook her and fell into slower step beside her.

The sun had almost disappeared behind the mountains; bluish haze veiled the valley; a horizon of dazzling yellow flecked with violet faded upward to palest turquoise. High overhead a feathered cloud hung, tinged with rose.

The south drive was bordered deep in syringas, all over snowy bloom; and as they passed they inhaled the full fragrance of the flowers with every breath.

"It's like Heaven, Geraldine," said Duane; "and you are not incongruous in the landscape, either."

"This is One of Those Rare Occasions In a Thankless World Where Goodness is Amply and Instantly Rewarded"

She looked around at him; the smile that curved her mouth had the faintest suspicion of tenderness about it.

She said slowly:

"Do you realize that I'm genuinely glad to see you? I've been horrid to you. I don't yet really believe in you, Duane. I detest some of the things you are and say and do; but, after all, I've missed you. Incredible as it sounds, I've been a little lonely without you."

He said gayly: "When a woman becomes accustomed to chasing the family cat out of the parlor with the broom she misses the sport when the cat migrates permanently."

"Have you migrated permanently? Oh, Duane! I thought you *did* care for me—in your own careless fashion ——"

"I do. But I'm not hopelessly enamored of your broomstick!"

Her laugh was less spontaneous as she answered: "I know I have been rather free with my broom. I'm sorry."

"You have made some sweeping charges on that cat!" he said, laughing.

"I know I have. That was two months ago. I don't think I am the morally self-satisfied prig I was two months ago. . . . I'd be easier on anything now, even a cat. But don't think I mean more than I do mean, Duane," she added hastily. "I've missed you a little. I want you to be nice to me. . . . After all, you're the oldest friend I have except Kathleen."

"I'll be as nice as you'll let me," he said. They turned from the driveway and entered a broad wood road. "As nice as you'll let me," he repeated.

"I won't let you be sentimental, if that's what you mean," she observed.

"Why?"

"Because you are you."

"In a derogatory sense?"

"Somewhat. I might be like you if I were a man and had your airy, inconsequential way with women. But I won't let you have it with me, my casual friend. Don't hope for it."

"What have I ever done ——"

"Exactly what you're doing now to Rosalie—what you did to a dozen women this winter—what you did to me"—she turned and looked at him—"the first time I ever set eyes on you since we were children together. I know you are not to be taken seriously; almost everybody knows that! And all the same, Duane, I've thought about you a lot in these two months up here, and—I'm happy that you've come at last. . . . You won't mistake me and try to be sentimental, will you?"

She laid her slim, sun-tanned hand on his arm; they walked on together through the woodland where green bramble sprays glimmered through clustering tree-trunks and the fading light turned foliage and undergrowth to that vivid emerald which heralds dusk.

"Duane," she said, "I'm dreadfully restless and I cannot account for it. . . . Perhaps motherless girls are never quite normal. I don't know. But lately, the world has seemed very big and threatening around me. . . . Scott is nice to me usually; Kathleen adorable. . . . I—I don't know what I want, what it is I miss."

Her hand still rested lightly on his shoulder as they walked forward. She was speaking at intervals almost as though talking in an undertone to herself:

"I'm in perplexity. I've been troubled. Perhaps that is what makes me tolerant of you, perhaps that's why I'm glad to see you. . . . Trouble is a new thing to me. I thought I had troubles—perhaps I had as a child. But this is deeper, different, disquieting."

"Are you in love?" he asked.

"No."

"Really?"

"Really."

"Then what ——"

"I can't tell you. It won't last. It can't. . . . Can it?"

She looked around at him, and they both laughed a little at her in consequence.

"I feel better for pretending to tell you, anyway," she said, as they halted before high iron gates hung between two granite posts from which the woven-wire fence of the game-park, ten feet high, stretched away into the darkening woods on either hand

"This is the Sachem's Gate," she said; "here is the key; unlock it, please"

Inside, they crossed a stream dashing between banks set with fern and tall silver birches.

"Hurryon Brook," she said. "Isn't it a beauty? It pours into the Gray Water a little farther ahead. We must hasten, or it will be too dark to see the trout."

Twice again they crossed the rushing brook on log bridges. Then through the trees stretching out before them they caught sight of the Gray Water crinkling like a flattened sheet of hammered silver.

Everywhere the surface was starred and ringed and spattered by the jumping fish; and now they could hear them far out—splash! slap! clip-clap! splash! hundreds and hundreds jumping incessantly, so that the surface of the water was constantly broken over the entire expanse.

Now and then some great trout, dark against the glimmer, leaped full length into the air; everywhere fish broke, swirled or rolled over, showing "color."

"There is Scott," she whispered, attuning her voice to the forest quiet—"out there in that canoe. No, he hasn't taken his rod; he seldom does; he's perfectly crazy over things of this sort. All day and half the night he's out prowling about the woods, not fishing, not shooting, just mousing around and listening and looking. And for all his dreadfully expensive collection of arms and rods, he uses them very little. See him out there drifting about with the fish breaking all around some within a foot of his canoe! He'll never come in to dress for dinner unless we call him."

And she framed her mouth with both hands and sent a long, clear call floating out across the Gray Water.

"All right; I'll come!" shouted her brother. "Wait a moment!"

They waited many moments. Dusk, lurking in the forest, peered out, casting a gray net over shore and water. A star came out, another, then ten, and scores and myriads.

They had found a seat on a fallen log; neither seemed to have very much to say. For a while the steady splashing of the fish sounded like the uninterrupted music of a distant woodland waterfall. Suddenly it ceased as by magic. Not another trout broke; the quiet was absolute.

"Is not this stillness delicious?" she breathed.

"It is sweeter when you break it."

"Please don't say such things. . . . *Can't* you understand how much I want you to be sincere to me? Lately, I don't know why, I've seemed to feel so isolated. When you talk that way I feel more so. I—just want—a friend."

There was a silence; then he said lightly:

"I've felt that way myself. The more friends I make the more solitary I seem to be. Some people are fashioned for a self-imprisonment from which they can't break out and through which no one can penetrate. But I never thought of you as one of those."

"I seem to be, at times, not exactly isolated, but unable to get close to—to Kathleen, for example. Do you know, Duane, it might be very good for me to have you to talk to."

"People usually like to talk to me. I've noticed it. But the curious part of it is that they have nothing to give me in exchange for my attention."

"What do you mean?"

He laughed. "Oh, nothing. I amuse people; I know it. You—and everybody—say I am all cleverness and froth—not to be taken seriously. But did it ever occur to you that what you see in me you evoke. Shallowness provokes shallowness; levity, lightness, inconsequence—all are answer, their own echo. . . . And you and the others think it is I who answer."

He laughed, not looking at her:

"And it happens that you—and the others—are mistaken. If I appear to be what you say I am it is merely a form of self-defense. Do you think I could endure the empty nonsense of a New York winter if I did not present to it a surface like a sounding-board and let Folly converse with its own echo—while, behind it, underneath it, Duane Mallett goes about his own business utterly alone?"

Astonished, not clearly understanding, she listened in absolute silence. Never in all her life had she heard him speak in such a manner. She could not make out whether bitterness lay under his light and easy speech, whether a maliciously-perverse humor lurked there, whether it was some new mockery.

He said carelessly: "I give what I receive. And I have never received any very serious attention from anybody. I'm only Duane Mallett, identified with the wealthy section of society you inhabit, the son of a wealthy man, who went abroad and dabbled in color and who paints pictures of pretty women. Everybody and the newspapers know me. What I see of women is a polished coquetry that mirrors my fixed smirk; what I see of men is less interesting"

He looked out through the gloaming at the darkening water.

"You say you are beginning to feel isolated. Can anybody with any rudiment of intellect feel otherwise in the social environment you and I inhabit—where distinction and inherited position count for absolutely nothing unless propped up by wealth—where any ass is tolerated whose fortune and lineage pass inspection—where there is no place for your intelligence and talent, even when combined with breeding and lineage, unless you are ballasted with money enough to forget that you have any?"

He laughed.

"So you feel isolated? I do, too. And I'm going to get out. I'm tired of decorating a set where the shuttlecock of conversation is worn thin, frayed, ragged! Where the battledore is fashionable scandal and the players half dead with ennui and ——

"Duane!"

"O Lord! you're a world-wise graduate at twenty-two! Truth won't shock you, more's the pity. . . . As for the game, I'm done with it; I can't stand it. The amusement I extract doesn't pay. And you wonder why I kiss a few of you for distraction's sake, press a fingertip or two, brush a waist with my sleeve!"

He laughed unpleasantly and bent forward in the darkness, clasped hands hanging between his knees.

"Duane," she said in astonishment, "what do you mean? Are you trying to quarrel with me just when for the first time something in this new forest country seemed to be drawing us together, making us the comrades we once were?"

"We're too old to be comrades. That's book rubbish. Men and women have nothing in common, intellectually, unless they're in love. For company, for straight conversation, for business, for sport, a man would rather be with men. And either you and I are like everybody else or we're going really to care for each other. Not for your pretty face and figure, or for my grin, my six feet and trim shanks; I can care for face and figure in any woman. What's the use of marrying for what you'll scarcely notice in a month? . . . If you *are you*, Geraldine, under all your attractive surface there's something else which you have never given me."

"Wh-what?" she asked faintly.

"Intelligent interest in me."

"Do you mean," she said slowly, "that you think I underestimate you?"

"Not as I am. I don't amount to much; but I might if you cared."

"Cared for you?"

"No, confound it! Cared for what I could be."

"I—I don't think I understand. What could you be?"

"A man, for one thing. I'm a thing that dances. A fashionable portrait-painter for another. The combination is horrible."

"You are a successful painter."

"Am I? Geraldine, in all the small-talk you and I have indulged in since my return from abroad have you ever asked me one sincere, intelligent, affectionate question about my work?"

"I—yes—but I don't know anything about ——"

He laughed, and it hurt her.

"Don't you understand," she said, "that ordinary people are very shy about talking art to a professional ——"

"I don't want you to talk art. Any little thing with blue eyes and blond curls can do it. I wanted you to see what I do, say what you think, like it or damn it—only do something about it! You've never been to my studio except to stand with the perfumed crowd and talk commonplaces in front of a picture."

"I can't go alone."

"Can't you?" he asked, looking closely at her in the dusk, so close that she could see every mocking feature.

"Yes," she said in a low, surprised voice, "I could go alone—anywhere—with you. . . . I didn't realize it before, Duane."

"You never tried. You mistook an impulse of genuine passion for the sort of thing I've done since. You made a terrific fuss about being kissed when I saw, as soon as I saw you, that I wanted to win you if you'd let me. Since then, you've chosen the keynote of our relations, not I, and you don't like my interpretation of my part."

For a while she sat silent, preoccupied with this totally new revelation of a man about whom she supposed she had long ago made up her mind.

"I'm glad we've had this talk," she said at last.

"I am, too. I haven't asked you to fall in love with me; I haven't asked for your confidence. I've asked you to take an intelligent, affectionate interest in what I might become, and perhaps you and I won't be so lonely if you do."

He struck a match in the darkness and lighted a cigarette. Close inshore Scott Seagrave's electric torch flashed. They heard the velvety scraping of the canoe, the rattle and thump as he flung it, bottom upward, on the sandy point.

"Hello, you people! Where are you?"—sweeping the wood's edge with his flashlight—"oh, there you are. Isn't this glorious? Did you ever see such a sight as those big fellows jumping?"

"Meanwhile," said his sister, rising, "our guests are doubtless yelling with hunger. What time is it, Duane? Half-past eight? Please hurry, Scott; we've got to get back and dress in five minutes!"

"I can do it easily," announced her brother, going ahead to light the path. And all the way home he discoursed aloud upon the stripping, hatching, breeding, care and diseases of trout, never looking back, and quite confident that they were listening attentively to his woodland lecture.

"Duane," she said, lowering her voice, "do you think all our misunderstandings are ended?"

"Certainly," he replied gayly. "Don't you?"

"But how am I going to make everybody think you are not frivolous?

"I am frivolous. There's lots of froth to me—on top. You know that sort of foam you see on grass stems in the fields. Hidden away inside is a very clever and busy little creature. He uses the froth to protect himself."

"Are you going to froth?"

"Yes until

"Until what?"

"You

"Go on"

"Shall I say it?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, until you and I find each other intellectually satisfactory."

"You said only a man—in love with a woman—could find her interesting in that way."

"Yes. What of it?"

"Nothing. . . . Only, I'm afraid you'll have to froth, then," she said, laughing. "I haven't any intention of falling in love with you, Duane, and you'll find me stupid if I don't. Do you know that what you intimate is very horrid?"

"Why?"

"Yes, it is. Besides, it's a sort of threat ——"

"A threat?"

"Certainly. You threaten to you know perfectly well what you threaten to do unless I immediately consider the possibility of our—caring for each other—sentimentally."

"But what do you care if you don't care?"

"I—don't. All the same, it's horrid and—and unfair. Suppose I was frothy and behaved ——"

"Misbehaved?"

"Yes. Just because you wouldn't agree to take a sentimental interest in me?"

"I *would* agree! I'll agree now!"

"Suppose you wouldn't?"

"I can't imagine ——"

"Oh, Duane, be honest! And I'll tell you flatly—if you do misbehave."

"Just because I don't particularly desire to rush into your arms ——"

"But I haven't threatened to."

Unconsciously, she laid her hand on his arm again, slipping it a little way under.

"You're just as you were years ago—just the dearest of playmates. We're not too old to play, are we?"

"I can't with you; it's too dangerous."

"What nonsense! Yes, you can. You like me for my intelligence in spite of what you say about men and women ——"

"I wouldn't care for your intelligence if I were not in ——"

"Duane, stop, please!"

"In danger," he continued blandly, "of proving my proposition."

"You are insufferable. I am as intelligent as you."

"I know it, but it wouldn't attract me unless ——"

"It ought to," she said hastily. "And, Duane, I'm going to make you take me into account. I'm going to exercise a man's privilege with you by—by saying frankly several things ——"

"What things?"

The amused mockery in his voice gave her courage.

"For one thing, I'm going to tell you that people—gossip—that there are—are ——"

"Rumors?" he asked in pretended anxiety.

"Yes. . . . About you, and—of course they are silly and contemptible; but what's the use of being attentive enough to a woman—careless enough to give color to them?"

After an interval he said: "Perhaps you'll tell me whom besides myself these rumors concern?"

"You know, don't you?"

"There might be several," he said coolly. "Who is it?"

For a moment a tiny flash of anger made her cheeks hot. Then she said:

"You know perfectly well it's Rosalie. I think we have become good enough comrades for me to use a man's privilege ——"

"Men wouldn't invest themselves with that sort of privilege," he said, laughing.

(Continued on Page 26)

ONE MORE MARTYR

By Gouverneur Morris

ILLUSTRATION BY P. V. E. IVORY

At the Command, "Aim!" He Burst Out Laughing

A LITTLE one-act play, sufficiently dramatic, is revived from time to time among the Latin races for long runs. The play is of simplified, classic construction. But the principal part is variously interpreted by different actors. The minor characters, a priest and an officer, have no great latitude for individuality, while the work of the chorus comes as near mathematics as anything human can. The play is a passion play. No actor has ever played the principal part more than once. And the play differs from other plays in this, also, that there are not even traditional lines for the principal character to speak. He may say whatever comes into his head. He may say nothing. He may play his part with reticence or melodramatically. It does not matter. His is what actors call a fat part; it cannot be spoiled. And at the climax and curtain he may sink slowly to the ground or fall upon his back or upon his face. It does not matter. Once, before falling, a man leaped so violently upward and forward as to break the ropes with which his legs and arms were bound. Those who saw this performance cannot speak of it to this day without a shudder.

Under the management of General Weyler in Cuba this little play enjoyed, perhaps, its longest continuous run. Curiously enough, there were absolutely no profits to be divided at the end. But, then, think of the expense of production! Why, to enable the General to stage that play for so many nights—I mean sunrises—required the employment of several hundred thousand men and actually bankrupted a nation. In this world one must pay like the devil for one's fancies. Think what Weyler paid: all the money that his country could beg or borrow; then his own reputation as a soldier, as a statesman and as a man; ending with a series of monstrous mortgages on his own soul. For which, when it is finally sold at auction, there will not be bid so much as one breath of garlic.

When Juan D'Acosta's mother heard that her younger son Manuel had been taken prisoner by the Spaniards and was to be shot the following morning at sunrise she sat for an hour motionless, staring at the floor. Juan, as is, or was, well known, had died gloriously, a cigarette between his lips, after inestimable, if secret, services to Cuba. Nor had his execution been entirely a martyrdom. He was shot for a spy. He was a spy, and a very daring, clever and self-effacing one. He had been caught within the Spanish lines with incriminating papers upon his person. And before they could secure him he had had the eternal satisfaction of ripping open two Spaniards with his knife so that they died. He was executed without a trial. His mother went out with others of his relatives to see him die. The memory of his dying had remained with her to comfort her for the fact of it. She had seen him, calm, and in her eyes very beautiful, standing in strong relief with his back to a white wall, a cigarette between his lips. There had not been the slightest bravado in his perfect self-possession. It had been that of a gentleman, which he was not by birth, and a man of the world; quiet, retiring and attentive. He had looked so courteous, so kind-hearted, so pure! He had spoken—on either side of his cigarette—for some moments to the priest, apologizing through him to God for whatever spots there may have been upon his soul. Then his eyes had sought his mother's among the spectators and remained steadfastly upon them, smiling, until the exactions of his part demanded that he face more to the front and look into the muzzles of the Mausers. The fire of his cigarette having burned too close to his lips for comfort, and his hands being tied, he spat the thing out of his mouth and allowed the last taste of smoke which he was to enjoy on earth to curl slowly off through his nostrils. Then, for it was evident that the edge of the sun would show presently above the rim of the world, he had drawn a breath or two of the fresh morning air and had spoken his last words in a clear, controlled voice.

"Whenever one of us dies," he had said, "it strengthens the cause of liberty instead of weakening it. I am so sure of this that I would like to come to life after being shot, so that I might be taken and shot again and again and again. You, my friends, are about to fire *for* Cuba, not against her. Therefore, I thank you. I think that is all. Christ receive me."

The impact of the volley had flattened him backward against the wall with shocking violence, but he had remained on his feet for an appreciable interval of time and had then sunk slowly to his knees and had fallen quietly forward upon his face.

So her older boy had died, honoring himself and his country, after serving his country only. The memory of his life-deeds and dying was a comfort to her. And when she learned that Manuel, too, was to be shot, and sat staring at the floor, it was not entirely of Manuel that she was thinking. She did not love Manuel as she had loved Juan. He had not been a comfort to her in any way. He had been a sneaking, cowardly child; he had grown into a vicious and cowardly young man. He was a patriot because he was afraid not to be; he had enlisted in the Cuban army because he was afraid not to. He had even participated in skirmishes, sweating with fear and discharging his rifle with eyes closed. But he had been clever enough to conceal his white feathers, and he could talk in a modest, purposeful way, just like a genuine hero. He was to be shot, not because he was himself, but because he was Juan's brother. The Spaniards feared the whole family as a man fears a hornet's nest in the eaves and, because one hornet has stung him, wages exterminating war upon all hornets. In Manuel's case, however, there was a trial, short and unpleasant. The man was on his knees half the time, blubbering, abjuring, perspiring and begging for mercy; swearing on his honor to betray his country wherever and whenever possible; to fight against her, to spy within her defenses and plans—anything, everything!

His judges were not impressed. They believed him to be acting. He was one of the D'Acostas; Juan's brother, Ferdinand's son—a hornet. Not the same type of hornet, but for that very reason, perhaps, the more to be feared. "When he finds," said the Colonel who presided, "that he is to be shot beyond peradventure he will turn stoic like the others, you'll see. Even now he is probably laughing at us for being moved by his blubberings and entreaties. He wants to get away from us at any price. That's all. He wants a chance to sting us again. And that chance he will not get."

Oddly enough, the coward did turn stoic the moment he was formally condemned. But it was physical exhaustion as much as anything else; a sudden numbing of the senses, a kind of hideous hypnotism upon him by the idea of death. It lasted the better part of an hour. Then, alone in his cell, he hurled himself against the walls, screaming, or cowered upon the stone floor, pooling it with tears, sobbing horribly with his whole body, going now and again into convulsions of nausea. These actions were attributed by his guard to demoniacal rage, but not to fear. He thus fought blindly against the unfightable until about four in the afternoon, when exhaustion once more put a quietus upon him. It was then that his mother, having taken counsel at last with her patriot soul, visited him.

She had succeeded, not without difficulty, in gaining permission. It was not every mother who could manage a last interview with a condemned son. But she had bribed the Colonel. She had given him in silver the savings of a lifetime.

The old woman sat down by her son and took his hand in hers. Then the door of the cell was closed upon them and locked. Manuel turned and collapsed against his mother's breast.

"It's all right, Manuel," she said in her quiet, cheerful voice. "I've seen the Colonel."

Manuel looked up quickly, a glint of hope in his rodent eyes.

"What do you mean?" he said. His voice was hoarse. His mother bit her lips, for the hoarseness told her that her son had been screaming with fear. In that moment she almost hated him. But she controlled herself. She looked at him sidewise.

"The Colonel tells me that you have offered to serve Spain if he will give you your life?"

This was a shrewd guess. She waited for Manuel's answer, not even hoping that it would be in the negative. She knew him through and through.

"Well," he choked, "it wouldn't do."

"That's where you are wrong, my son," she said. "The Colonel, on the contrary, believes he can make use of you. He is going to let you go free."

Manuel could not believe his ears, it seemed. He kept croaking "What?" in his hoarse voice, his face brightening with each reiteration.

"But," she went on, "he does not wish this to be known to the Cubans. You see, if they knew that you had been allowed to go free it would counteract your usefulness, wouldn't it?"

"Yes—but ——"

"Listen to me. Everything is to proceed as ordered and according to army regulations except one thing. The rifles which are to be fired at you will be loaded with blank cartridges. When the squad fires you must fall as if—as if you were dead. Then you will be put in a coffin and brought to me for burial. Then you will come to life. That is all."

She smiled into her son's face with a great gladness and patted his hands.

"Afterward," she said, "you will grow a beard and generally disguise yourself. It is thus that the Colonel thinks he can best make use of your knowledge and cleverness. And, of course, at the first opportunity you will give the Colonel the slip and once more take your place in the patriot army."

"Of course," said Manuel; "I never meant to do what I pretended I would."

"Of course not!" said his mother.

"But ——"

"But what?"

"I don't see the necessity of having a mock execution. It's not nice to have a lot of blank cartridges go off in your face."

"Nice!" The old woman sprang to her feet. She shook her finger in his face. "Nice! Haven't you any shred of courage in your great, hulking body? I don't believe you'll even face blank cartridges like a man—I believe you'll scream and blubber and be a shame to us all. You disgust me!" She spat on the floor. "Here I come to tell you that you are to be spared, and you're afraid to death of the means by which you are to go free. Why, I'd stand up to blank cartridges all day without turning a hair—or to bullets, for that matter—at two hundred meters, where I knew none of those Spanish idiots could hit me except by accident. I wouldn't expect you to play the man at a real execution or at anything real, but surely you can pull yourself together enough to play the man at a mock execution.

(Concluded on Page 30)

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The Man Who Pays High Prices

THOSE staple commodities that everybody has to buy reached their highest price in October, 1907. It then took one dollar and thirty-one cents to buy the same quantity of food, clothing, fuel, metals, lumber, chemicals, house furnishings that could have been bought for eighty-nine cents in 1897. From that high point there was a reaction, continuing to June of last year, by which time prices had fallen ten per cent.

Disagreeable phenomena attended this reaction—such as much unemployed labor, considerable reductions in wages here and there, bread-lines and so on. For more than a year business has been on the increase. It is now first-rate, yet not up to a high-water mark; a good many shops are still running below their capacity. Meanwhile, of course, commodities have been going up. Bradstreet's latest "index number," which is a compound of the current price of the staple goods referred to above, is pretty nearly up to the level of the latter part of 1907.

In other words, never before—or at least not for many years—has it cost so much to live in the United States as it does at present, with the possible exception of a brief period at the culmination of the last boom.

For many of us, fortunately, this is not crucially important, because our economic position is such that we move with the rising tide. Not a few of us are happily able to keep several laps ahead of it. Yet the total mass of those who are not able to move with the tide is really imposing. That mass comprises a fair proportion of the "salaried people," and a great part of the unskilled, unorganized, ill-conditioned crude labor.

Senator Lodge denies that there are any "ultimate consumers" worth mentioning. But a few millions who have exceedingly small power to increase their incomes will still suspect that under a tariff which raises the cost of living there may be some ultimately consumed.

The Special-Privilege Imp

THE soil of the United States is owned by several million people—mostly of very moderate means. By far the greater part of all direct taxes are levied upon the land, and nobody even suggests that there is anything wrong about that.

But in England some five hundred peers own a fourth of the soil, and less than ten thousand persons, it is said, own four-fifths of it. Naturally, then, over there, when a Governmental finger is pointed toward the land up goes a roar as though the destruction of society impended. It is precisely upon this point of land taxes, it seems, that the crucial struggle over the new budget will develop.

More than twenty years ago the Marquis of Salisbury, at the head of a Conservative Ministry, brought in an extremely moderate bill to reform land tenures, and for three successive terms endeavored to persuade the peers to accept it. While actually costing them nothing, it would, in Lord Salisbury's opinion, "conduce largely to the happiness of the people of this country." But the peers took no chances. They threw out the bill. Their lordships' feelings over the present bill, which is not only brought in by their political enemies, but also would certainly cost them a good deal, may be imagined.

It is seriously argued that if the Commons pass the bill the Lords will throw out that portion of it which contains the land taxes—in square violation of a constitutional principle which was supposed to have been settled beyond question more than two hundred years ago.

If a comparatively small number of opulent persons owned four-fifths of the soil of the United States it would be as difficult for our Government to deal with land as it is for the English Government—or as it is for our Government to deal with the tariff. Our imp is of a different color, but it is no easier to get him back into the bottle.

Mind's Triumph Over Matter

THOSE critics who fear for the future of "things of the mind" in this country because the colleges are going crazy over athletics know not of what they speak. We will show them their error.

A generation ago the grand summertime entertainment of the rural district was the small circus that traveled by wagon, bought hay of the farmers, hired small boys to carry water to the elephant, and made itself, for the time being, a part of the community. It modestly, and mistakenly, claimed a high educational value for its meager menagerie. Its true educational value has been convincingly described by no less an authority upon country life than Mr. Hamlin Garland. For weeks before and after the advent of the circus back yards sprouted with improvised turning poles whereon ambitious urchins practiced the giant swing;; in every hay-mow a warm emulation in tumbling feats went forward; docile family nags were unwillingly impressed for daring attempts at bareback riding.

That kind of circus has forever vanished. Combination and capital have swallowed it up. The circus is now a million-dollar, three-ringed, urban institution, with no suggestion of the intimate little affair of ten wagons, two mangy lions and a Monsieur Samson whom half the population could see on the village street in his every-day clothes.

And what has taken its place? Let the lugubrious critic travel forty miles from the city in any direction and see for himself. On the same village green a tent is still pitched, exactly like the old one; but the sign over the entrance says, "Chautauqua." Within is no M. Samson bending iron bars, but a bespectacled person lecturing on Ancient Rome.

Let the colleges do their worst. The whole corn belt has gone in for intellect.

Taxing the Poor Rich Man

WHEN the rule that Congress should levy no direct taxes except in proportion to population was put into the Constitution it was argued that the wealth of one section relatively to that of another would be substantially in proportion to the population. The subject had been canvassed some years before and the same conclusion reached.

Such meager statistics as were then available seemed to bear it out. But subsequent experience has completely refuted this theory. We now know positively, for example, that the wealth per capita of the North Atlantic States is more than double that of the South Atlantic States; that, relatively to population, the wealth of the Western States is over three times that of the South Central States.

Already, in the East, some conservative opposition is organizing against the proposed constitutional amendment which would permit Congress to levy an income tax without apportioning it among the several states in the ratio of their population. One objection is that under this amendment the richer states would have to pay more taxes than the poorer—as though that were not precisely what they ought to do. And another objection is: "Let us not tamper with the Constitution; let us not depart from the wise rule of the Fathers"—even although experience has conclusively demonstrated that the argument by which that rule was supported is absolutely fallacious!

The gift of reason, as has been remarked before, was bestowed upon us in order that we might invent arguments for what we want to do, or against what we don't.

Footing the Bill

THIS may be tiresome. Paying bills usually is. Pray consider, however, that getting the money to pay them with is often more tiresome still. In the fiscal year that ended June 30 the Government spent nearly twice as much as in the year before the Spanish War, and about fifteen per cent more than when it was waging that conflict.

We then sent one army to Cuba, another to the Philippines, and all the land forces engaged numbered two hundred and eighty thousand men. The regular army now numbers, roughly, seventy thousand. The navy is larger, but at peace. Yet our military expenses last year—not including pensions—were only five per cent less than during the war. Excluding pensions, the War and Navy Departments consumed last year two hundred and eighty million dollars, or nearly three and a half times as much as twelve years ago. This which does not include the Panama Canal amounts to nearly three dollars and a quarter for every man, woman and child. The increase above 1897 in War and Navy expenditures alone was three times the total cost of running the Government just before the Civil War, while our total Government cost is ten times what it was then.

Deduct the cost of building the Canal and we still have a net increase in Government expenditures over the year when McKinley was elected of a round three hundred million dollars—which is within ten per cent of what it costs to support all our public schools.

Tagging the Right Beggar

A CURIOUS sociological problem has arisen in Boston. In the last hours of its last session the Massachusetts Legislature hurriedly passed an act which authorizes the soliciting of alms in public streets by duly-licensed persons. The question arises: whom shall the police commissioner license to beg under this law?

Some sociologists insist that first-hand, or original-package, beggars must not be licensed—meaning poverty-stricken, destitute persons who are themselves in need of the alms. The begging, they argue, should be done only in accordance with the maxims of scientific charity, by representatives of responsible charitable organizations—who must, of course, receive wages for doing it.

The evils of indiscriminate begging and giving have often been pointed out. On the other hand, the chief aim of scientific charity is to help the beneficiary to help himself, and on that ground why shouldn't he help himself right at the start by doing his own begging?

But there is another ground. When anybody is licensed to beg on city streets, the real beggar is the city itself. The device on the official badge ought to be, "I can't take care of my destitute inhabitants. For goodness' sake chip in and help me."

Sure Things and Sporting Chances

HOW many males below the age of thirty are looking for a safe berth, or would take it if offered to them? A university professor remarked recently: "For a number of years I have been teaching graduate classes, and I am somewhat dissatisfied with them. I'm sure that, on the whole, they have less vim than the undergraduates."

His theory is that most of the graduate students expect to teach in institutions of higher learning, and that that avocation is a sort of snug harbor. The work usually is not onerous, and some social distinction goes with it. The pay is strictly limited, but it is a life job. The chance to rise high is small; but the chance to fall is almost nil. The professor thinks that youth, in the main, infinitely prefers a greater gamble, with chances unlimited.

Probably his theory is sound. How many, at thirty, would compound their future for life for board, lodging, apparel and pocket money?

To answer that question would be to answer many others. The whole conservative position, for example, is more or less based on a belief that men are largely unambitious, lazy dogs whose real aim is a sunny corner and a bone. Strangely enough, this belief is often held by men who themselves work like drayhorses for many years after they have accumulated whole square miles of sunny corners and tons of bones.

Modesty and Bones

EIGHT and seventy years ago Herr Diogenes Teufelsdröckh pointed out that it was sheer vanity and love of display which had led man to evolve himself from an unclothed to a clothed animal.

And this is the season when many waterside communities wrestle painfully with the same motive operating in a diametrically opposite direction. Literally, hundreds of city fathers, their troubled faces bedewed with perspiration and mantled with blushes, gravely debate whether they should prescribe the size of a bathing-suit relatively to the size of its wearer.

The problem is a difficult one. Clothes having originally been adopted for the purpose of enhancing one's personal appearance, it is certainly quite logical to discard them again in so far as that process promotes the same object. Hence, the scanty bathing-suit may plead a kind of natural right as being merely by way of correcting an error. But whether or not it does correct an error obviously depends upon the other elements which go to make up the total appearance. If, in short, the true sanction of clothes lies in appearance, as Professor Teufelsdröckh so learnedly contended, then the legitimate quantity of clothes in each case depends upon the appearer. According to the Teufelsdröckhian philosophy it is certainly no error, for example, for a bony, knock-kneed man to wear overalls when bathing. And just here arises the difficulty. For, praise modesty as we may, a man cannot insist upon overalls without arousing a malicious suspicion that he needs them. That is why the city fathers sweat.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Black Eagle of Fergus Falls

JUST before Mr. Nelson W. Aldrich stamped for the last time on the piteous upturned face of the ultimate consumer, just before Mr. Aldrich put the final boots to the theory that revision of the tariff means revision downward instead of upward, just before the Vice-President asked that question that has been tucked away in the back of his head since April 19, yearning to be asked, but held in what we may term abeyance, because some ninety-two Senators desired to bay a few million words about their ideas concerning said tariff, which ideas included everything in the sum total of human misinformation, from aardvark to zythum, that question everybody had been awaiting to hear: "Shall the bill pass?"—immediately previous to these historic occurrences, up rose Moses Edwin Clapp, Senator from Minnesota.

Up rose Moses Edwin Clapp, Senator from Minnesota, and, rising, said, in part and in conclusion, impenitent and impassioned: "I merely wish to say now, that my silence may not be misconstrued, that the Senator from Rhode Island has neither stung to silence nor entombed at least one Senator," the inference being, of course, that the at-least-one Senator who remained unstung and disinterred was the said Moses Edwin Clapp.

Well, sir, that was a dramatic moment. Six or eight other Senators—all Republicans—had come to bat, in quick succession, and told the Senator from Rhode Island to go and take a long running jump, because they intended to rebuke his infamous tariff-making by voting against the bill, but Mose was the only one who gave it out cold he wasn't stung. Nor was he entombed. There are those who hold that Mose's little cemetery reference was tautological, for any person who is entombed is pretty badly stung, so far as current events go, and if he remains outside the sepulcher, no matter what has happened to him, he is comparatively unstung in a manner of speaking; but Moses Edwin wanted to make it good. So he did.

Now, taking Mose by and large, it would have to be a pretty handy stinger who could sting him, a stingaree, at any rate, or a stingerino. Not disputing the fact that Nelson W. Aldrich is somewhat of a stinger, it is here chronicled, in his very words, that Mose remained unstung. As the poet says: "Untombed, unsilenced and unstung." Take your change out of that, Mr. Nelson W. Aldrich.

It was this way with Moses Edwin. His state, Minnesota, wants a revision of the tariff, is positively hankering for it, and when the Honorable Knute Nelson, the other Senator, began knuting around early in the session, along revision lines, it was up to Moses Edwin to get off the reservation, too, and he got off, issuing forth a short time after the Honorable Knute had dyed his chin-whiskers a brilliant cardinal and waggled them at Nelson W. Aldrich as a sign of defiance, and declaring that he—M. E. Clapp—did not intend to be shackled by the dicta, dictum or dictorium of the organization, that he was for a real revision of the tariff, and would Mr. Aldrich and all the little Aldrichians kindly put that in their pipes—tariff fifty per cent—and smoke it?

The Migratory Mountain

WHEN a Senator like Moses Edwin leaves the reservation there is an appreciable vacancy. A slight and tenuous Senator might leave and the hole would not be discovered readily, but not so with Clapp. He is a sort of human Pike's Peak, and his departure detracts from the *tout ensemble* not taxed—in a marked degree. Moreover, the Senator has always had concealed about his person a good-sized streak of independence, and he took it out and waved it above his head in this contingency, calling public attention to the fact that there was nothing yellow about it, but that it was a glorious gonfalon—tariff sixty per cent—signifying free thought, free speech and free list—for certain commodities.

He was there, on the job, progressing with the other progressives, and ever and anon lifting up his mighty voice and advising the country of the nefarious work being done there, under that stained-glass ceiling—tariff seventy-five per cent—by those statesmen who, pledged by their party platform and by the ringing words of their President to lower the tariff, were not lowering it at all, but were h'isting it, by heck! h'isting it to the cerulean canopy that covers us all, h'isters and de-h'isters alike.

Years ago, before Mose came to the United States Senate, he lived in Fergus Falls, and the people there gave him the name of the Black Eagle of Fergus Falls. Now, far be it from any person to say that the Senator does not look like an eagle, so I will say it, but the folk of Fergus Falls were not concerned with that ornithological exactitude that should distinguish all faunal naturalists.

"Untombed, Unsilenced and Unstung"

They were Nature faking, in a way; for to have called the Senator the Black Cassowary of Fergus Falls, for instance, would have been neither poetical nor politic. They called him the Black Eagle, and so he remains to this day, albeit he played it rather low down on the Fergus Fallers by removing to St. Paul, where he has lived since 1891. However, no one calls him the Black Eagle of St. Paul, *née* Fergus Falls. Fergus Falls it is and shall remain, and none worthier to wear the title and to do a black-eagle turn than the Senator.

His hair, you understand, is like the raven's wing, and so is his mustache. If he had whiskers they would be as a whole flock of ravens' wings. Dark his complexion and flashing his compelling black eye, or eyes. He looked and looks the part. A tall man and wide, with shoulders almost a yard across—when he gets to progressing in the Senate he progresses like a furniture van running wild down a hill.

There is some class to Senator Clapp's insurging. He is not one of those who thinks being an insurgent means being a human phonograph. "The tariff," said Winfield Scott Hancock, "is a local issue;" and they laughed him to death. "I move," shouts the usual insurgent, "to substitute 'vocal' for 'local,'" and proceeds along the lines of the substitution.

But the Black Eagle does no eagling until he has something to eagle about. Then he rises majestically and lets her scream. He is no continuous performer. When he does say something, those who are roundabout listen attentively to what he has to say. You see, Clapp is one of the best lawyers in the Senate. He has a fine and well-trained mind and a quick grasp of public questions. Like many another, he is not particularly enamored with work, but he gets through a lot of it, just the same.

From time to time, before the tariff bill came up for discussion, Clapp showed his independence of the organization by getting on the warpath. He has hopped out and landed on Mr. Aldrich and the Aldrichians many times in the eight years he has been in the Senate, by way of demonstrating that he does his own thinking and carries out his own thoughts. He has been chairman of the Indian Committee for some years and has had much to do with the intricate legislation affecting Lo, and disaffecting those who desire to acquire sustenance from Lo and his lands. He talks well and is respected and liked by all his colleagues.

Thus, when he emerged on the tariff bill and took his own slant instead of that of Mr. Aldrich, his action commanded attention and carried weight. He fought along for the schedules as he thought they should be, and, at the final vote, with nine other Republicans, went the entire distance, over all the jumps, by voting against the Aldrich bill.

Just before he cast that vote Senator Clapp made his justly-celebrated no-sting and no-tomb declaration. And it came after Mr. Aldrich, as proprietor, had casually read out of the Republican party those of the majority who had decided to say "Nay" when, according to the organization code of ethics, the word that should purl from their lips was "Aye."

Sting a Black Eagle to silence? Nay, and no entombers need apply. Indeed, unbidden to the mind comes that beautiful line: "Oh, Nelson W. Aldrich, where is thy sting?"

Taking Care of the Dog

HENRY BLOSSOM, the author of Checkers, had a woolly dog he was showing to some friends in front of the Lambs Club in New York.

Outcault, the cartoonist, came along. Blossom exhibited his dog

"You want to be careful about that dog, Henry," warned Outcault seriously. "I had one and had a lot of trouble with him. You must be careful about washing him. If you are not his eyes will get sore and he will die."

"Gee!" said Blossom, much impressed, "I'll have to have him dry-cleaned."

Forcing Hospitality's Hand

HARRY LAUDER, the Scotch comedian, was passing the Hotel Astor in New York, one day last winter, with his manager, William Morris. Morris had lavished money on Lauder in the way of entertainment, and Lauder said:

"William, ye ha' been gude t' me, so ye have. Come in, now, an' I'll treat ye."

Morris grabbed at the opportunity. Although he was paying Lauder three thousand dollars a week it was the first time Lauder had come up above the surface. They went in. There were three or four friends of Morris' there and they came over to be introduced to Lauder, who was nervous during the introductions.

After everybody had been presented Lauder drew Morris aside. "William," he said, "I said I would treat ye, but I didna' say I'd treat all your friends. You will ha' to pay for it, William."

And that was what William did.

An Aquatic Lion

THERE was a circus in a Mississippi River town, and a drummer, who was in a town four miles farther down the river, wanted to get to it. The steamboat had left and there was no rig to be had. The drummer went to the river and found a negro sitting in a skiff

"That your boat?" he asked the negro.

"Yassir."

"Want to rent it?"

"Yassir."

"How much for the afternoon? I want to go up to the circus."

"'Bout foah bits, boss."

"All right. Can you row?"

"What's dat?"

"Can you row?"

"No, suh. 'Deed, I cain't do nuffin' laik dat, boss."

"Well, dodgast you, get in the stern there. You can do that, can't you?"

"Yassir."

The drummer took the oars, and after he had rowed about two miles against the current was tuckered out.

He threw down the oars and said: "I can't pull this boat another inch. I don't care if I never get to that circus. You're a fine boatman not to be able to row."

The negro looked at the drummer with quickening intelligence. "Does you mean you wanted me to pull dem oars, boss?"

"Sure, I do. I asked you if you could row and you said you couldn't."

"'Deed, boss," said the negro, "I thought you done ast me could I roah—roah laik a lion."

A Really Dusty Spot

MOST of the negro messengers at the doors of Cabinet members and their assistants are well-educated men.

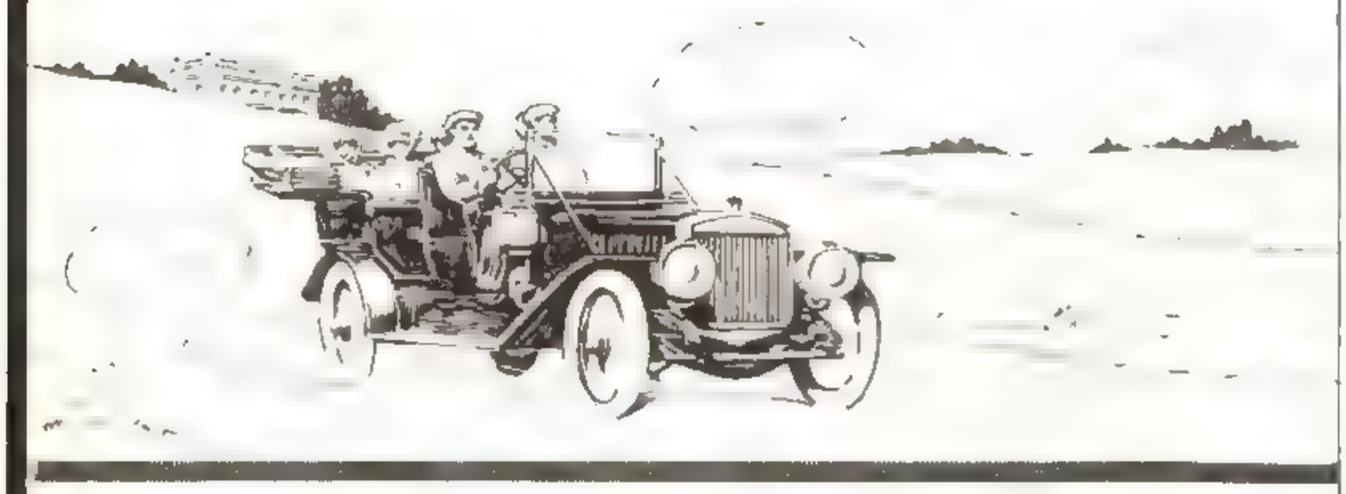
The other day, when Secretary Knox looked at the big globe that stands in his office, he was annoyed to find that the globe was dusty.

"William," the Secretary of State said to the messenger, putting a finger on the globe, "there's dust here an inch thick."

"It's thicker than that, sir," replied the messenger.

"What do you mean?" asked the Secretary sharply.

"Why, you've got your finger on the desert of Sahara."



A clock without hands is relatively as perfect as a motor car with less than six cylinders.

This is About The Six that Made Good

This is the third season of the 48 horse-power Winton Six.

When the six-cylinder car proved to our own satisfaction that it excelled the four at every point, we abandoned fours and began the manufacture of Sixes *exclusively*.

Other manufacturers thought we had let our enthusiasm run away with our judgment. Only a few manufacturers believed in the Six anyhow, and these few were content to make Sixes as a side line to their fours.

But Mr. Winton never was a straddler. Believing with all his heart in the Six, he put his full faith and energy into it.

What has been the result? Winton Sixes *made good* from the start: buyers were more than pleased. Their enthusiasm was contagious. They were delighted with the Six's quietness, smooth operation, flexibility and hill-climbing capacity. Ten Winton Sixes ran 65,000 miles on $15 upkeep expense, an average of 4343 miles on $1 expense.* That was a world's record for sure. And it caused many a skeptic to inquire into the Six to his own advantage.

Purchasing 1910 Cars on Faith

Last year we *repeated* the 48 horse-power Winton Six. Though we increased the output, we were not able to fill the demand. But, determined to own Winton Sixes, many of those whose 1909 orders we could not fill, owing to shortage of cars, at once *ordered 1910 Winton Sixes*, confident that the 1910 car would justify their faith.

Emerson says, in effect, that if you make a superior product, though your plant be in the woods, buyers will make a beaten path to your door. In other words, a superior product advertises itself, or, rather, its buyers are its advertisers.

That's how it has been in the case of the Winton Six. Our best advertising was done by our patrons. Buyers were so thoroughly delighted with the Winton Six that their enthusiasm brought us hosts of other buyers. And thus it was that we have just finished *the most successful season in our history*.

Buyers Get More Than Ever Before

The Winton Six for 1910 is better than ever before. Yet we have *not* made a single radical change. The motor is identically the *same as last season*.

In planning the 1910 car it was Mr. Winton's purpose to give Winton Six buyers the *absolute limit of value*. So, wherever possible he increased the buyer's advantage. For instance, finding that the motor was capable of doing even *more work* than had been asked of it, he has placed a new extreme high-speed gear in the transmission (giving *four forward speeds*) and enlarged the diameter of the multiple disc clutch to insure the delivery of this top power to the driving wheels.

Rather good evidence, we should say, of the excellence of the Six principle and of the Winton Six motor.

More Wheel Base and a Larger Body

The wheel base has been increased from 120 to 124 inches, an inswept frame making it possible to turn a car of this length in short space. The body is longer, lower, roomier, and has wide doors. The buyer may have long or short pedals as he prefers, and, should his reach be short, the brake and gear-change levers can be placed nearer the seat. The steering wheel has a hard rubber rim. Spark and throttle levers are lengthened, and there is a carburetor primer on the dash. Springs are semi-elliptics of liberal size and are equipped with grease cups. There are four shock absorbers. The brake leverage has been increased, and the running boards and guards widened.

Cranking Belongs to Hand Organs

Certainly, the Winton Six of 1910 is a Self-Starter. In these days of automobile perfection it is a mystery that anybody should tolerate a car that must be cranked. Rear-entrance cars used to be acceptable; today the only road vehicle so designed is the hearse. In a season or two we expect to see cranking confined to hand-organs. Cranking is the meanest part of motoring: it is the only remaining ammunition for the sidewalk jester, now that laying-on-your-back-underneath-the-car has ceased to be necessary.

The Winton Six has *no starting crank in front*. Most Winton Six owners don't really know whether there is one in the tool box, so infrequently do they use it. But we do supply a crank. Sometimes Winton Six owners use up all the starting air turning the motor over while the gasoline is shut off. Then they, too, must crank. Simply goes to show that human memory hasn't yet reached Self-Starter efficiency.

Thanks to the Self-Starter (and please note that it is used on Winton Six cars exclusively), the Winton Six driver, seated behind the steering wheel, presses a foot-button, and moves away serenely. Air pressure does it. Drivers who know the satisfaction there is in the Self-Starter can never be content to operate a car that must be cranked.

Do You Like To Pump Up Tires?

The air pressure that starts the Winton Six motor serves another purpose also. It *pumps up tires*. Yes, you can throw away the tire pump, and forget the perspiration and sorrow of punctures and deflations. Attach one end of a rubber tube (supplied with the Winton Six) to the self-starter cock on the dash, and the other end to the tire, turn on the air, and, behold, your tire is inflated.

The Winton Six is Voiceless

Do not infer from these statements that the Winton Six has learned to talk. Vocally it is dumb. Most of the electrics you meet on the street are boisterous in comparison. The quiet operation of the Winton Six is a delight to sensitive nerves.

Speaking about Hill Climbing

Then there is the item of hill-climbing. Probably the hilliest city in America is Seattle. Car buyers in Seattle seek hill climbing ability in a car—not from choice but from necessity. A car that can't climb hills, and big ones at that, not simply once in a while, but every other block or two, can't live in Seattle.

It is interesting to know that among high-grade cars climbing the hills of Seattle there are *three Winton Sixes to every one car of other make*. The moral is obvious. And a car that can take Seattle hills on high has nothing to fear in Cincinnati, Pittsburg or San Francisco.

High-Gear Work and Flexibility

Another automobile virtue is flexibility. Flexibility means that quality in a motor which minimizes the necessity of gear-shifting. A motor that will run slowly enough on high gear to follow a heavily-loaded dray through Broadway traffic, and, still on high-gear, will speed up fast enough to keep the other fellow from giving you his dust on a straight-away stretch of country road—a motor that can do that is flexible. Running on high gear saves fuel, and wear and tear on the car, and makes the driver less like a railway switch-tower employee. The Winton Six does practically all its work on high-gear.

First Cost May Be Only an Initiation Fee

Economy is something you can't tell much about by merely taking a demonstration ride. But it is vitally important to every car buyer. The buyer who doesn't get it finds motoring expensive—sometimes the first cost of the car is only an initiation fee. The buyer who does get economy, gets with it all the joy of motoring: for economy of operation and maintenance in a sufficiently-powered car go hand in hand with flexibility, hill-climbing capacity, quietness and sweet running. All these good features ought to characterize all six-cylinder cars. They *do* characterize the Winton Six, and economy is an especial Winton Six attribute. This we know from *the sworn statements of owners*, which we shall be pleased to send you, if you desire.

Only The Six Has Continuous Power

The reason the Six excels all cars of other types is that the Six is the *only* motor car in which *the power stream of the motor is continuous*.

---

* Official records of the second annual $2500 Winton Six upkeep contest will appear in The Saturday Evening Post September 4. The winning car ran 17,003 miles *without a cent of repair expense*.

WINTO

Goes the Route Lik

These are some of the features

Motor [illegible] 48 [illegible] Self-Starter Motor starts from the seat without cranking. Operates [illegible] Tire Inflation Air [illegible] starter inflates tires without [illegible] Ignition—Dual system. Eisemann magneto (the best money can buy [illegible] Carburetor Perfected single-nozzle, with double throttle. Shows exceptional [illegible] Lubrication [illegible] Cooling [illegible] New Winton radiator, [illegible] Clutch [illegible] Gear Change Mechanism [illegible] and reverse [illegible] with speeds.

Frame Pressed steel. Inswept. Motor, clutch and transmission [illegible] **Steering** Screw and nut [illegible] **Brakes** [illegible] **Drive** [illegible] **Axles** [illegible] nickel steel gears and [illegible] **Springs** Semi elliptic [illegible] **Wheels** Twelve [illegible] **Tires** [illegible] **Tanks** [illegible] **Body** [illegible] **Finish** [illegible]

I suppose that the proudest day of my business life which I produced a "horseless carriage" that would actual

But my happiest day was that when I discovered advantages of Sixes over fours. From that day to this ridden in a four. We ceased making fours at once, and big plant to the production of Sixes exclusively. That Po fied itself. The demand for Winton Sixes has been heavy thusiastic praises of Winton Six owners numerous and delig

If there are any American motorists who still doubt t of the Six, I could only wish that they might spend a day at the Winton factory and realize the enthusiasm that ownership of a Winton Six.

Alexander Win

The diagram gives a mechanically-accurate chart of power as it is produced and used in fours and Sixes.

Note that there is an interval of *no power* (marked "idle") following each power stroke in the four. It is as if your wa locked four seconds in every five and stopped on the fifth, for every four-cylinder motor produces power for four-fifths of a per and is idle the other fifth. Due to these gaps of *no power*, the four motor must turn over faster to do a given amount of work th does the Six. Therefore, for one thing, the four uses more fuel.

Because it will not do work as slowly as a Six motor, is one reason why the four has not the flexibility of the Six. So traffic, the four driver must shift back to second or first gear, whereas the Six driver remains on high.

Vibration and Repair Expense

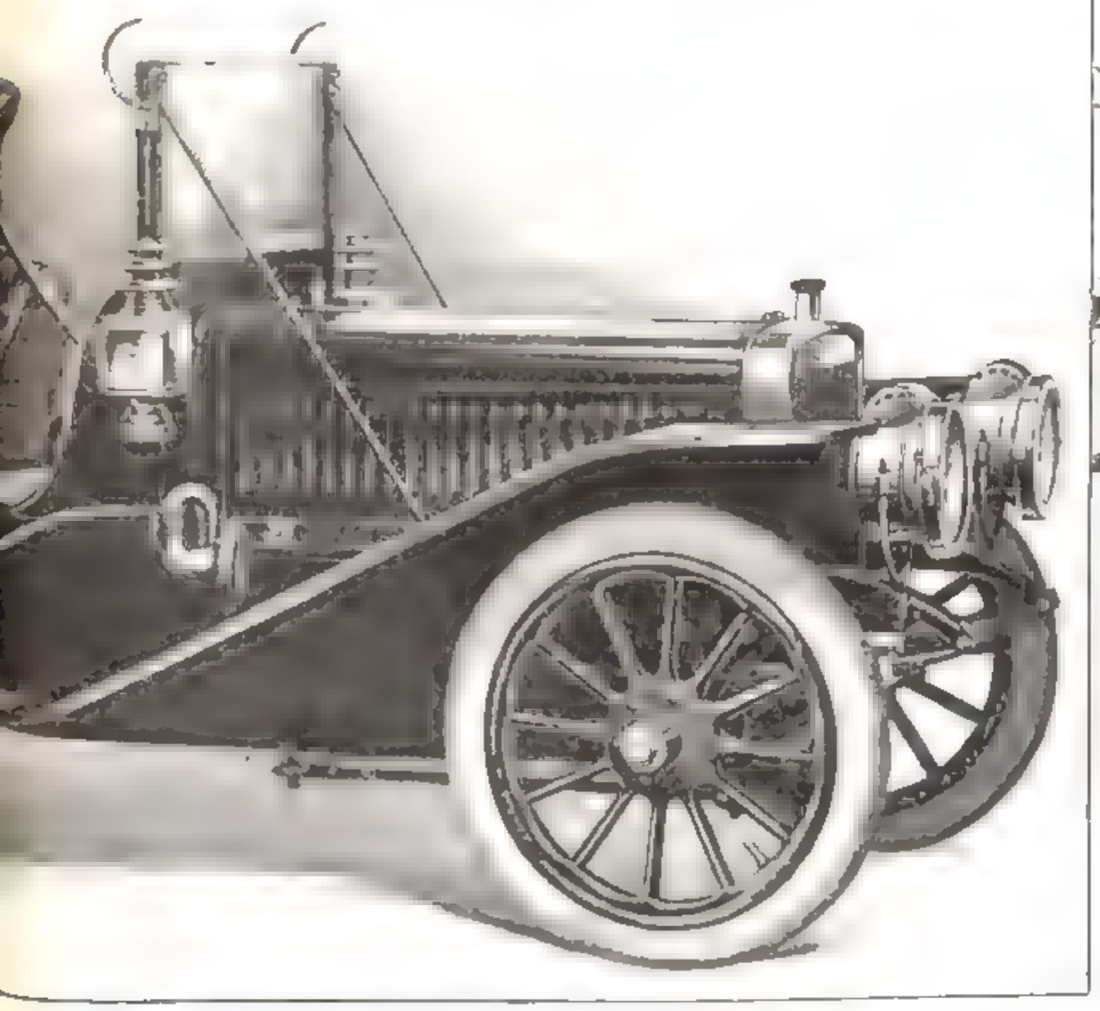
But that isn't the four's worst feature. When a power-stroke in the four follows an idle interval, it sends a *jerk* thro the entire driving mechanism, clear down to the tires, and every driving jerk tends to shorten the life of the car and to incre repair bills. These jerks account for the greater vibration of the four.

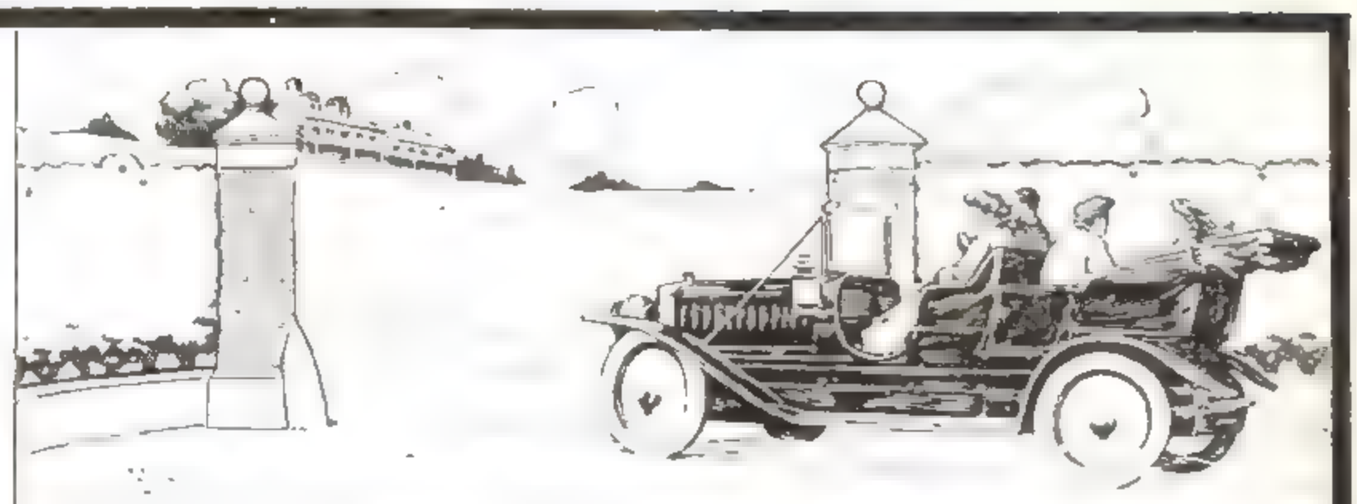
Hammer Blows—4800 vs. 7200 Pounds

Another consideration—the hammer-blow of the piston. In a single-cylinder motor developing 48 horse-power, the pi strikes a hammer-blow of 28,800 pounds.

In a four of the same total horse-power, the piston strikes a hammer-blow one-fourth as heavy—7,200 pounds. In a of the same total horse-power, the piston strikes a hammer-blow one-sixth as heavy—4,800 pounds.

The same power that drives a car serves to wear it out, tear it down. Which is most likely to tear down a car, the 4,8 pound blow of the Six or the fifty per cent heavier blow, 7,200 pounds, of the four?





Absolute limit of motor car value. Six cylinders. 48 horse-power. Self-cranking motor. Four forward speeds. Dual ignition. Inswept frame giving short turning radius. 124 inch wheel base. $3000.

N SIX

oasting Down Hill

e $3000 Winton Six for 1910

Forward

Increased

Shock absorbers equipped. ood wheels. Timken roller

Dash — [illegible] self-starter gage, push-[illegible] off

Bonnet — Aluminum. Quadruple hinged.

Guards — Extra wide guards of beautiful design. Guards and shields fully protect body from road wheel splash.

Flooring — Running boards and front floor are covered with pressed [illegible]

Levers and Pedals — [illegible] steering column. [illegible] seat if purchaser de[illegible] Long or short pedals [illegible]

Dust Pan — Pan extends from front axle to rear of transmission. Apron extends from transmission to rear axle. The underside of the car is therefore completely housed.

Lockers — Storage space under [illegible]

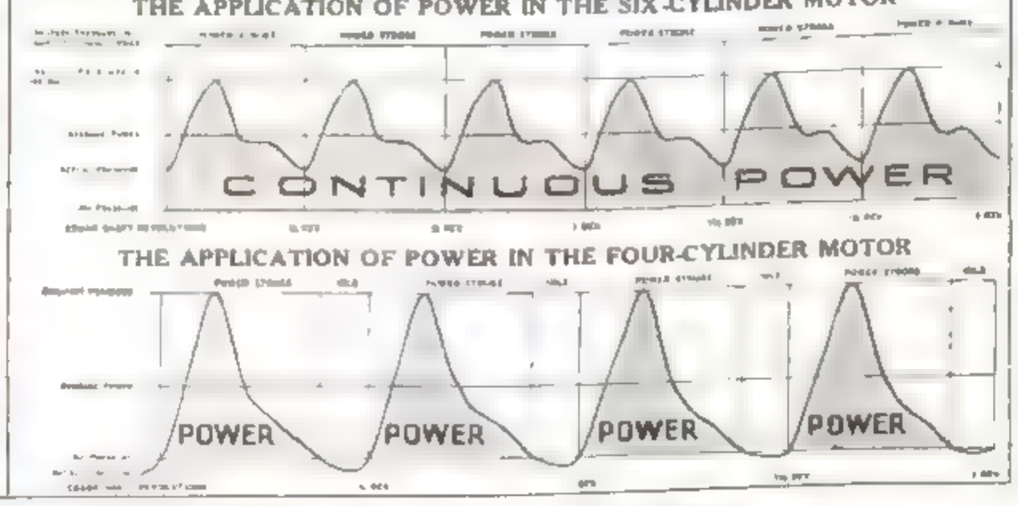
Lock — [illegible] to lock the brake lever with clutch out and brake applied — protection against [illegible]

Gear Ratios — [illegible] 1, 3.03 to 1, 2.04 to 1

Equipment — Four [illegible] lamps, two on side lamps, one on tail lamp [illegible] set of tools

PRICE — With [illegible] $3000
With [illegible] 3000
With [illegible] 4250
With [illegible] 4500
With [illegible] 2750

THE APPLICATION OF POWER IN THE SIX-CYLINDER MOTOR



THE APPLICATION OF POWER IN THE FOUR-CYLINDER MOTOR

Up-Hill Work of an Automobile Motor

In climbing a hill, the motor is required to perform double work: that is (1) to propel the car and its passengers the distance ascent, and (2) to lift the entire load from the base to the top of the incline. Therefore, in order to climb grades successfully, motor must be capable of developing greater power than is required for high-gear on the level, or else you must go back to or first gear, on which the speed of travel is diminished. The four frequently climbs hills by a tremendous effort that is to the mechanism. To take a hill with a run at the bottom and a pounding motor at the top is never profitable or pleasant. If you have a four of greater power — power ample to do almost any hill on high gear, it is wasteful of power on the level. for of Bexhill-on already referred to, means that it is using more gasoline on the level than is required for the same work on the Six. The reason why a Six on high gear will take a hill that a four of equal rated horse-power cannot take — why the Six will the summit without a "run" at the bottom or "pounding" at the top — is due to the fact that the Six has reserve power not developed or required. That quality of performance combines with economy of operation — a much to be desired result. it is in its beautiful hill-climbing that the Six gives one of the most convincing proofs of its merit.

Continuous Power Has Other Advantages

Continuous power in the Six means continuous suction through the carburetor. That's one reason why the Six has better and more economy. *Continuous power* means continuous exhaust. That's why the exhaust of the Six can barely be whereas the jerky exhaust of the four is plainly heard even with the muffler closed.

The power diagram shows that the Six has continuous power. It is an absolute physical, mechanical inability to produce continuous power in a one, two or four-cylinder car.

It is chiefly continuous power in the Six that makes the Six superior to all other types, and it is *the superiority of the Six* other types that is filling the motor car world with Six enthusiasm.

Where to Look for Six Superiority

Do you expect to find in all makes of Sixes that superiority which characterizes the Winton Six?

Several manufacturers who in some past season produced six-cylinder cars are not doing so now. There is but one conclusion to draw in such instances.

Several other manufacturers are now producing six-cylinder cars for the first time. Is it to be expected that perfection will crown every first effort?

Still other manufacturers are producing simultaneously both four and six-cylinder cars, thereby running counter to the law that no man can serve two masters.

The Winton Six Company has maintained, since producing its first Six, that the six-cylinder car outranks other types at every point, and on every item of importance to the car owner.

Faithful to that conviction, the Winton Company ceased making fours at once and has since exclusively devoted its resources to the production and perfection of Sixes.

This singleness of purpose, coupled with the experience resulting therefrom, has been abundantly rewarded. To-day Winton Sixes are the best exemplification of the triumphant Six principle, and Winton Six owners enjoy a gratification and a distinction that other car owners know not of, nor are likely to realize until they, too, inquire into the actual superiority of six-cylinder cars as embodied in the Winton Six—the car whose maker stands out, with never a rival, as *the premier successful specialist in Sixes.*

$3000 is the Market Price of a Motor Car Supremacy

At $3000 the 48 horse-power Winton Six represents a legitimate profit to us and the absolute limit of automobile value to the car buyer.

It is impossible to get a better car — even by paying more. We sell our 60 horse-power car at $4500, but it has no higher merit than the $3000 car.

The $4500 car has greater power and a larger body. Its price is higher for these reasons, and because it costs decidedly more per car to produce a limited quantity of 60s than to produce a greater quantity of 48s.

Comparing cars on their actual value to the buyer (taking into account the *quantity* and *quality* of service a car can render its owner) it is obvious to the reasonable mind that, if the facts are as we state them, it is unwise to pay more than $3000 for a touring car, except where greater than 48 horse-power is desired.

It is equally unwise to pay $2000 to $2750 for a car of smaller power, when the expenditure of the additional money necessary to secure a Winton Six means to command the maximum of automobile excellence, enjoyment and economy.

We express it, not as an opinion but as a fact—a fact readily demonstrated, that every four-cylinder car, be the make, size or price what it will, is fundamentally lower in merit than the Winton Six. No amount of embellishment or lavish expenditure on the part of the maker can alter this condition a particle. **For as a clock without hands may tick away for years without ever telling the time, so a motor car with less than six cylinders can never render you that supremely satisfactory and delightful service characteristic of the Winton Six.**

We would be unfair to automobile buyers did we not urge them to investigate the Winton Six before spending $2000 or more in the purchase of any car.

The prospective buyer who may be planning to purchase a $4000 car can, by purchasing a Winton Six, save $1000 purchase money and at the same time buy the better car; whereas the prospective buyer who contemplates expending say $2500 for a four can, by adding $500 to his contemplated original expenditure, secure on his investment a dividend in service and satisfaction so many fold greater that he will count himself fortunate in changing his plan.

Why the Winton Company can afford to market the Winton Six at $3000 and is content not to ask a greater price is adequately set forth in "The Difference Between Price and Value," a booklet we should be pleased to send to any address upon request. To business men to whom business propositions are of interest this booklet will especially appeal.

We have still other literature that prospective buyers ought to read. "Light Weight" handles a bugaboo without gloves. "Twelve Rules to Help Buyers" gives definite methods of determining the worth of any motor car at any make, size, or price. Our "Upkeep Book" gives the sworn records of upkeep expense of the ten Winton Sixes that won the honors in 1908 and the ten Winton Sixes that won the honors in 1909. In addition to these we have the Winton Six catalog, a book of considerable size, which discusses in an easily understood way the superiority of the Six, beside presenting an exhaustive description of the $3000 48 horse-power Winton Six.

The coupon will bring you our interesting and factful literature. Mail it now.

The Winton Motor Carriage Co.,

Member A. L. A. M.

111 Berea Road, Cleveland, U. S. A.

Winton Branch Houses (owned and operated by the company) in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Pittsburg, Detroit, Chicago, Minneapolis, Seattle, and San Francisco.

The Winton M. C. Co., Cleveland, O.

Please send me

- ☐ Winton Six Catalog
- ☐ Upkeep Book
- ☐ Twelve Rules Book
- ☐ Light Weight Book
- ☐ Price and Value Book

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THE AMERICAN BLUEJACKET

His Day's Work on a Man-of-War

By RUFUS FAIRCHILD ZOGBAUM

NEVER before, even when Old Ironsides met the "Guerrière, frigate bold," have the crews of our warships been so representatively American as at the present time. The Gloucester men who formed so large a proportion of the Constitution's crew, the "tars" who fought with Hull and Stewart, Porter and Decatur, hailed from a narrow strip of coast, and were drawn from a separate and distinct class of the country's population. Tracing, with but rare exception, their descent from the people of the British Isles, they were men bred to the sea, accustomed to its discipline. Today, on the contrary, but relatively few of the young recruits spring from what seafaring population there is in the United States. Here and there aboard ship you may come across a hard-fisted, clear-eyed fellow from somewhere along shore, familiar with the sea from his boyhood; but the greater number of the men are, in their origin, landsmen pure and simple, American boys coming, many of them, from the modest, respectable homes, all over the United States, of what Lincoln called the "plain people." Some of them are fairly well-educated graduates of the public schools; practically all of them have had schooling of a sort, but only a comparatively small number are possessed of knowledge of any technical trade or calling. Unaccustomed hitherto to much restraint in the ordinary course of their lives, ignorant not only of the sea but of the simplest principles of naval order and discipline, they have had everything to learn of a life new and strange to them.

And life in the Navy today—on torpedo boat or battleship; on survey vessel, where officers and crews plot and survey in open boats from early morning to set of sun; on gunboat rolling at anchor in open, tropic roadstead, and guarding, not by the weak power of her own ordnance, but by the might of the nation she represents, the interests of its citizens ashore—is energetic enough to meet the views of the most exacting advocate of the theory, "better to wear out than to rust out." Here is no place for the weakling. By this is not meant those deficient in physical health and strength, for such would have a hard time in "passing the doctor" when applying to enlist, but the feeble in character and the faint of heart, or the poor fool who fancies himself of finer clay than his fellows; who looks down, as beneath him, upon the unavoidable work that keeps his sea-home sweet and clean. Such a one had better keep out of the service. He will not like it, and he himself will not be liked. "Mamma's darling" and "Mollycoddle" he will be to the sturdy lads, his shipmates, in whose not always agreeable, yet necessary, tasks he would shirk his part. His lot will not be a happy one.

Clearing for Action

Yet, though there is more work than play for those who serve Uncle Sam aboard ship, there are hands a-plenty to do the work, and the physical labor—muscle-straining, heart-breaking toil on occasion—that falls to their share gives little or no cause for discontent to the general run of plucky American bluejackets.

Yesterday in the afternoon watch the port side of the ship was cleared as thoroughly almost as if for action. Rails and stanchions were plucked from their sockets and laid in the waterways; boats were lowered, davits and gangways unshipped, broadside guns trained inboard as far as they would go; the heavy turrets turned, and anything and everything removed that would interfere with the swinging of cranes or obstruct the free passage of men and objects over the side. About sunset the collier steamed alongside. With much jangling of engine-room bells by the stout, red-faced, perspiring British skipper on her bridge, slowly she came to a stop. Amid loud, vociferous profanity on the part of the collier's mate and the guttural jabbering of her Chinese coolie crew, lines were cast and the thick hawsers hauled on board by silent, nimble, quick-handed bluejackets; and the deep-laden, sea-battered, dingy ocean tramp was made fast to and lay heavily on the water by the side of the white-hulled, clean-decked warship as quietly as by a dock along the shore. Almost motionless the two ships rest, and the thick, rope-cushioned fenders between them get but little squeezing, for the harbor is a good one and the water stirs but gently at the sides even though the evening breeze blows briskly.

And smoothly enough, too, the work of taking in coal goes on today under far more favorable circumstances than sometimes. Once, during our late misunderstanding with our now good friends of Spain, it fell my experience to be aboard a ship coaling in an open harbor with a swell setting in from the sea. There was no time to wait for a breeze from the land and a calm day; in fact, there was no halting for daylight, for the work was done hurriedly and in the night. There was more or less risk attending it—more so to the collier, to be sure, than to the man-of-war—but, then, chances are taken in war, and though the swell was not heavy enough to render the task impossible, still it was strong enough to lift the ships with its heave, grinding them together at times with shocks that set them a-quiver from stem to stern. There was no sleep for any one on board that night, it was raining heavily, the water pouring down in sheets as if shaken out of rents in the sky by the thunder crashes following the lightning. Everywhere muck and dirt, wet, heat and discomfort and every now and then, the thump and jar of the contact of the swaying vessels. I was not the only one whose mind was relieved when the job was over. The warship was not much damaged—only the thick steel curves of the sponsons rubbed bare of paint—but dented, battered plates, with here and there a hole punched through, showed on the sides of the collier, as she wearily drew off in the dreary gray of coming dawn.

Today, however, the sun shines bright overhead. The buzzing whir of electric winches, the creaking of wheel and pulley and the clanking of chain join in a sort of confused rumble, dominating which the strains of military music sound in rhythmical measure in the warm air. For the band has no mean share in the labor, and the "windjammers" earn their pay—every cent of it—on the days when the crew coals ship. All hands are turned to; no officer or man from the "Old Man" down may leave ship except on duty. On deck bluejackets and marines seize upon the heavy bags of coal as they are swung up from the hold of the collier, and load them on to the trucks that cart them away to the scuttles or openings to where, down below, the busy workers of the engineer's force "trim" the coal in the bunkers. Gritty atoms crunch underfoot, blackening in great patches the planking so spotless yesterday, and lining the decks with smutty tracery of curving tracks left by the wheels of the trucks. Over everything coal dust settles down, powdery and dry, and the only moisture in sight, besides the water of the bay, is that on the perspiring faces of the men, smeared in wet streaks by the wiping with grimy hands of sweat-dripping foreheads.

When the Ship is Coaled

Seen through the great open square of the merchantman's hatch, scantily-clad men, their once "white working clothes" soiled and begrimed, are digging into the huge piles of soft coal, as in a mine. In their midst one in dungaree blouse and overalls—the tarnished gold device and strap on his shapeless and soiled old cap marks him as an officer—smilingly waves a dirty hand up at you, and his teeth flash white in a face as black as that of a burnt-cork minstrel. You look twice ere you know him for one of the guests from the wardroom who dined with the captain last night, then so spick and span and spotless in the short, white mess-jacket with the dark, gold-braided straps of his rank on the shoulders. But here he is now, right down among the men of his division, hustling them to their work, "jollying" them along with cheery word, lending a strong and ready hand himself, now and again, side by side with the toughest and hardest among them. For he is that sort of an officer. He is not "boning popularity"—as the Navy phrase has it—with his men; he isn't popular with them in the sense in which the word is commonly used, for he rules them with a firm hand, and there is not one among them who would dare attempt to break the fine line that discipline draws in the intercourse between officers and men. Yet they like him for those sympathetically human and tactful qualities, innate in his character but developed by the discipline and training he himself has undergone, that fit their possessor for the skillful handling of men that gets the best there is in them out of them.

So his men shovel and spade away with a will, the more cheerfully so as this division is ahead of the others in the ship, with the —— division a close second; and there is extra liberty in sight for the men of the division first through with their job. Besides, the ship is working for a coaling

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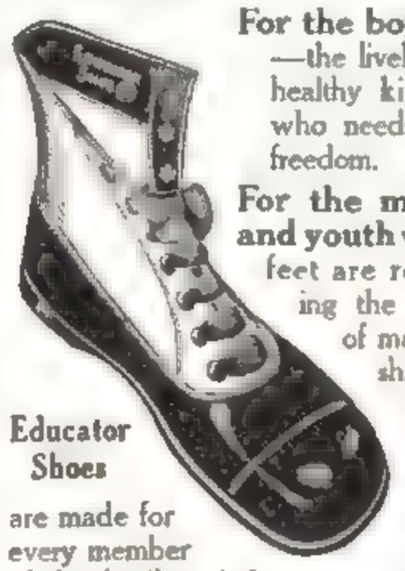

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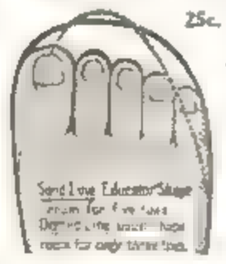

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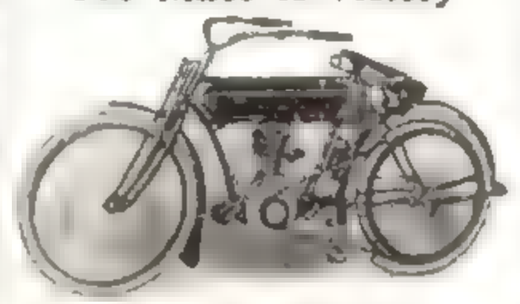

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record today; her sister and rival, anchored four hundred yards astern is coaling, too, and "she's got to be beat." The signal-flags, but just now hoisted to her yardarm in answer to the flagship's question, show her to be behind us to the tune of a hundred and more tons, so bear a hand, lads -be lively and keep the lead! The whole ship's company is full of a spirit of competition, and even the ship's cook in his satisfaction at what his friend, the signal-quartermaster, has just told him in passing, forgets to be more than mildly profane in his effort to keep the coal-dust which will sift in among the pots and pans of the galley—out of the crew's supper, soon to be served up.

The Chief Kicker's Duties

Uncle Sam provides for his bluejackets with bountiful hand as to sustenance—as in other ways and there is little or anything to complain of as to the quantity or quality of their food. There are some critics of the Service, generally foreigners, in whose minds our American man-of-war's man may seem to be somewhat pampered in his tastes for the satisfaction of his appetite. I do not think this is so, although it must be conceded that Jack has, of late years, become so accustomed to good food that there is hardly anything that will cause more dissatisfaction in a ship's company than the fact, or the notion, that what is given the men to eat is not—in cooking and in serving, or in variety—up to the standard. It is comparatively seldom, however, that serious reason for discontent in this respect exists on board ship.

In any community, no matter how well governed or organized, there will always be some who will find opportunity for complaint, however unreasonable or unjustified, and the crews of our warships form no exception to the rule. It occurred to one ingenious commissary officer to establish a ways and means by which the men could settle such matters, to a large extent, among themselves. He appointed what he called a chief kicker for the crew as a whole, and a kicker for each table in the general mess. Any disgruntled member of the crew can state his grievance, real or imaginary, to the kicker of his table. The chief kicker will investigate; just cause of dissatisfaction, which might not otherwise come to the knowledge of the commissary officer, will be reported to him, and trivial or unnecessary complaints on the part of individuals will be often nipped in the bud by the exercise of the usual good common-sense of the men themselves. The scheme has worked well, and has been adopted with successful results on more than one ship.

It is a time-honored custom in the Navy—although from stress of weather or other cause its observance in all its details may not be invariable—for the ship's cook, freshly arrayed in the prescribed white or blue uniform of the day, to make his appearance on deck just before the time to "serve up," bearing a neatly-spread tray with a full portion of the crew's dinner for "tasting" by the officer of the watch. Perhaps on some holiday or highday, when the cook has compounded a specially savory product of his skill, he may garnish the tray, on which the food is tendered to the officer's inspection, with curiously-carved decorations of carrot or turnip or potato; and if it be the Fourth of July or Washington's Birthday, tiny American flags are sure to be there in evidence, somewhere. I remember one young officer, coming below on his relief some time after "tasting" the dinner of the men, who declared it was so good that he had eaten it all and had no appetite left for the luncheon then being served to his own mess of the wardroom.

I do not mean to convey the idea that our bluejacket has the menu of a Delmonico to choose from. Occasional luxuries of the table there are. I know one ship probably there are more -where the commissary officer has installed a forty-quart "freezer," and the seven or eight hundred men of the crew make short work of the couple of hundred quarts of ice cream the machine turns out on occasion. But in the main, Jack's is simple, wholesome, strong food for healthy, vigorous men, a large part of whose lives is spent in the open, or at the sort of work where brawn and muscle count; and I do not believe there are many working-men the world over, afloat or ashore, in the public service or in civil life, who sit down, three times a day, in cleaner surroundings, to partake of food so carefully selected and, in general, so well prepared, as is that of the men of the crews of our warships. The days of "salt horse" and hard living have gone from the Navy forever, and it is better so.

Unlike the workman of the land, the workman of the sea lives within the space where he carries on his trade. The warship is the man-of-war's man's home, where he eats and sleeps, where he works and has a good part of his play. It is like a factory, in that the workmen there must be proficient in the use of the tools and machinery put into their hands; it is like a fortress with garrison trained and disciplined to the use of its power as an instrument of war; it is a dwelling, with many inmates, that must be kept wholesome and comfortable. And the bluejacket must do his own housework.

The Daily Program

In every hour of the twenty-four some of the ship's people are on duty—at sea, the officer and seamen of the watch and the toilers in the engine-room; in port, the anchor watch keeping ward on deck, and in the depths below men feeding certain fires that always burn, tending machines that never rest. From five o'clock in the morning, when to the "tarantara" of the bugle's reveille, the piping of the whistles of the boatswain's mates and rough cries of "Turn out, bullies! Show a leg there! Show a leg!" the crew wakes from the night's slumber, until nine o'clock in the evening when, again to the bugle's sweet notes, lights go out and quiet reigns 'tween-decks, busy life throbs everywhere throughout the ship.

The noon hour brings a pause in the succession of tasks and drills; on Saturdays a half-holiday is the rule on board ship; and at four o'clock in the afternoon of other weekdays the routine work of the crew is over and done for, and the time of bluejackets—save those on watch—is practically their own until supper, but for the daily recurring assembly of the crew at "evening quarters," the afternoon muster of all hands.

Many an officer, working or studying in the privacy of his room, has sworn to himself, as, pushing aside the books or paper on his desk, he has picked up his cap and betaken himself to the deck at the trumpet's regular afternoon song of: "Get your swords on! Get 'em o'on!" Breaking away from chat or game of checkers with a messmate or rousing from a nap in some snug corner, the bluejackets, with a "What's-the-use-of-it?" sort of air about them, assemble in perfunctory obedience. It is a custom which would seem to form a petty but "unnecessary annoyance"—I quote the expression of a progressive officer of my acquaintance—and which, given the conditions of life in the Navy today and the character and origin of the enlisted men, might be dispensed with without detriment to discipline.

Changes for the Better

It has been said that the American enlisted man is a "great indisciplinarian." I do not think this is true of him in the sense that it is difficult to teach him respect for authority, or to train him in habits of order and of obedience to his lawful superiors. His natural attributes of courage and physical health, developed by his training; his admirable conduct in times of stress and peril; his willing submission to unavoidable hardship and discomfort, to necessary labor and toil; his cheerful and ready performance, under orders, of duty involving the possible sacrifice of his life, have proved him to be amenable to discipline of the right sort. Nevertheless, it must be confessed that he sometimes shows signs of restlessness and dissatisfaction -by perfunctory or indifferent execution of his work, rarely by downright insubordination or mutinous conduct—at what he may consider, rightly or wrongly, unjust treatment, or deprivation or restriction of his privileges. I have known a crew to coal ship slowly, the men adding hours to their labor, in protest against some real or fancied grievance, an act which did not speak well for the discipline of the ship.

Yet the enlisted men have but few serious causes for dissatisfaction. They are certainly better paid, better fed and, finally, as well treated—if not better and more considerately—than those of any other service. It may be confidently said that such actual reasons for discontent as do exist, either through survival of customs and traditions of other times and different conditions, or for lack of necessary legislative action to change them, will disappear in due time through the steady improvement in service methods due to the loyal and intelligent efforts of progressive naval officers themselves. Only recently an Executive order caused the abolition of what was formerly—and quite naturally so—a source of discontent. I refer to the withholding in many cases of a portion of a man's monthly pay until the end of his term of enlistment, presumably as a sort of check on him for his good behavior, but, in reality, a penalty.

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DOLLARS IN EGGS—By R. P. Ellis

Making a Living From a Small Chicken Farm

THE love of the simple life drove us to it. Years ago, as mere children, we figured paper profits on keeping chickens, and longed to engage in this enticing occupation; but fate had decreed otherwise.

Those were the days of the last chicken boom, back in the nineties, when half-baked ideas were plentifully distributed, and numberless enthusiasts embarked in this new get-rich-quick scheme, only to furnish the inevitable examples of conspicuous failure, in which their reckless, inexperienced venturing into any new field was certain to result. In the last ten years, the financial troubles of "biddy" have ranked with the mother-in-law as stock-in-trade for the joker.

It is very often true that the popular conception of a business is widely at variance with the facts. Though most writers and nearly all the public have relegated her to the scrap-heap of unprofitable ventures, the American hen has been steadily increasing her output, until last year she reached noteworthy place in the country's sources of wealth by her six hundred million dollars' worth of poultry and eggs.

We are free to confess that this popular distrust of the poultry business kept us out a good many years after it first looked good to us. But paying from thirty-five to fifty cents a dozen for a cold-storage product in Brooklyn convinced us that there was a field for the real article in the way of a fresh egg.

Why Fresh Eggs are Scarce

Metropolitan papers assert every now and then that it is impossible for the average consumer to secure other than a cold-storage egg at the groceries of any of our largest cities. The modern method of handling the egg product of the country seems to demand that the egg go through a long process of staling before it is offered for sale to the consumer. The reasons for this are twofold.

First, the eggs are handled by from five to six middlemen—gatherers, shippers, commission-men, wholesalers and retailers—before they reach the consumer. This amounts in the aggregate to many weeks from the time they are laid, especially when it is borne in mind that the market is very often manipulated by holding back portions of heavy arrivals against a subsequent shortage in the supply.

Second, except during the warm spring and early summer months of the year the average hen throughout the country, on the farms, is unproductive. The United States statistics give sixty eggs a year as the average production of the American hen, and these are laid mostly during the spring months. At that season the wholesale price drops sharply, and the cold-storage concerns buy heavily and store the eggs against the coming months of shortage. In the mean time, they work off any year-old storage stock they have on hand.

Your would-be poultry raiser must be keenly alive to the market conditions in the city of his choice. No longer can he locate on a pleasant farm with ideal surroundings for poultry and pleasure, regardless of the proximity of a high-priced market in the form of actual consumers who will feel assured that they are getting his eggs direct from the nest. He is confronted with a condition and not a theory. The condition is that fresh eggs are scarce and the public is skeptical. So the all-important point in embarking in this enterprise is to locate your plant where your city customers can see it. This being so, where else but in the city itself?

Paradoxical as it may seem, this is the only way to begin. The plant necessarily must be small, for much room even at the outskirts of a city, is not obtainable. But this seeming hindrance is but a blessing in disguise. All the conspicuous failures in the poultry world have been made by men who, with no experience, essayed the chicken business on a large scale. They would not have tried it in any other line. It is now an accepted principle, however, that poultry raising must be learned from the ground up, like any other business.

The most economical way to begin is to buy baby chicks of a heavy-laying strain direct from the breeder. This does away with the problem of incubation at the start—the one great rock on which so many an attempt has broken.

We made our start with two hundred baby chicks purchased a few weeks apart, and raised in two brooders of a standard make. Of these we raised one hundred and fifty-six, seventy-two being pullets; and all the ground we had was a plot fifty by sixty feet in the rear of our Brooklyn home.

When the fall set in we erected a fourteen-foot-square portable laying house on this same plot. The male chickens were disposed of, except those which we desired to retain as breeders, and these were housed over the winter in a three-by-six-foot colony house. Our laying house was a little crowded, but the pullets began laying at five months of age, and, by the time the flock averaged six months, practically all had commenced to lay.

We selected the Single Comb White Leghorn. This breed is accorded the palm when the number and quality of eggs are considered. Moreover, the Leghorn will stand confinement, eats less than a heavier breed such as the Plymouth Rock or Wyandotte, lays at a much earlier age, and is not prone to stop laying by fattening and growing lazy.

The seventy-two pullets laid us an average of better than forty per cent during the fall and winter months, and so pleased were we with their performance, and the readiness with which the eggs sold direct from the place, that we skirmished the neighborhood, far and near, and visited many an agent in our search for some old farmhouse with an acre or two of ground.

It was not until one cold February day that we happened on a deserted-looking farmhouse, which we promptly investigated. The neighborhood boys had left their usual imprint on all the visible window-glass, and we thus gained access to the house. It was a delightful old farmhouse of the style of fifty years back, and we soon contracted for its lease for a period of two years. There was plenty of shade on the premises and we felt overjoyed at our acquisition. The place was worth over twenty-five thousand dollars, but the rent was four hundred and twenty dollars—no more than our little modern house was costing us. So we traded a few of our city conveniences for the chicken possibilities of the new place, and felt we had made a real start.

How to Avoid Failure

The move to the new place was easily accomplished. When the laying year was up we balanced our books and found a net profit over feed and incidental expenses of three dollars and seventy-four cents per hen. Restraining our desire to figure out how much we would have made had we had so many more pullets, we devoted our energies to raising all we could on the new place, and our second fall found us with two hundred and ten new-grown pullets and fifty-seven of the original hens worth carrying over the coming winter.

Our expense for equipment for the first two years consisted of some forty dollars for three brooders, thirty dollars for an incubator, and about twenty dollars for wire for runs.

When we moved to the new place the chickens had already repaid us the money we had invested in them; and they were laying heavily—about a seventy per cent egg yield. We then and there decided that we would invest no additional capital, but would allow the business to pay its own way, and enlarge it only as it could itself meet the expense. Thus, we figured, we could never lose more than our effort, should the worst come to pass; and we believe that this check upon our enthusiasm has kept our enterprise from the dangers of a too quick enlargement, with the attendant possibilities of overreaching our capital. And so our little side line has crept up until its earnings exceed those of our regular vocation.

Too much emphasis cannot be laid upon these all-essential points, to wit: a proper location with a view to your market; a small start, with attention to every detail; and a natural growth—that which the business itself will support. In fact, the determination to make the business pay from the start and to force it to earn its own expansion is of inestimable value in stopping small leaks in expenditures, and in securing generally an efficient management of the business as a whole. This experience fits the owner to manage the larger plant, which, on the above principle, automatically grows in direct ratio with the earning capacity of the smaller enterprise. In other words, the better a man can make a small plant pay, the better is he qualified to handle a larger one successfully.

No Business for the Ignorant

We have referred to the fact that it is now recognized that the poultry business must be learned from the ground up. We are not exaggerating the case when we say that a successful poultry farm requires a degree of executive ability combined with a judgment of business conditions not frequently found in those who have in the past attempted the industry. It is rare that a young man, just starting to earn his living, takes up poultry and is willing to serve a sufficient time to qualify himself to run a plant. For, though he may learn the poultry end of it in three or four years, he has not reached a sufficiently mature age to qualify him to handle the business end with judgment. And since but few successful poultry farms can afford to pay him much more than a farm-hand's wages for his work about the poultry, there is, at present, little prospect of young men of sufficient ability selecting poultry as their sphere of endeavor. This has been the main reason why commercial poultry raising has progressed so slowly as an independent industry.

In these conditions lie an exceptional opportunity for those who have a leaning toward rural pursuits, and who have the energy to adopt a side line and to push it with the business experience they have acquired in other fields. By making it pay for its own expansion, a man is treating himself exactly as he should his son, arguing that he is not capable of handling a large plant until he can make a small one pay.

This method of starting and enlarging the business is vastly different from the chicken enterprises whose failures have so largely contributed to the poultry literature of the last decade. It will be noted that we emphasize the business end of the undertaking, for it is here that the entire agricultural fraternity is lamentably weak. The tendency of modern business is to cut out the superfluous middlemen and to get as direct communication as possible with the consumer. All of our eggs are sold to a private trade in the city of Brooklyn at from forty to sixty cents a dozen, depending on the time of year. When a flock averages one hundred and sixty-two eggs a year, it does not require a great deal of figuring to ascertain that a profit of four dollars and seventeen cents can be cleared on a hen, after an expense of one dollar and seventy-nine cents for feed and labor, and four cents a dozen for delivering, has been deducted. This was the result of our second year's work.

We had increased the egg yield from an average of one hundred and forty-four the first year to one hundred and sixty-two the second by the use of trap-nests. These useful appliances are so devised that the hen can enter at will, but cannot leave the nest until released by the attendant. An aluminum band on her leg, bearing her number, serves to identify her; and an exact record of the number of eggs she lays is kept. When hens are being selected for the breeding season these records are invaluable, as by their aid the heavy layers can be ascertained and their eggs used to obtain the new pullets. "Like breeds like" applies in the poultry world. In this way the laying qualities of a strain can be improved from year to year, provided care is taken to breed only such birds as are in excellent physical condition.

Those who attain success with poultry are doing so today by avoiding the errors

How to Protect and Ornament Concrete, Stucco or Brick Construction

Concrete is porous and needs protection from the ravages of dampness. Water disintegrates it and often strikes through and ruins interior decoration. Concrete laid one day varies in shade from that laid the next.

To secure uniformity of color, any shade, and absolute protection, concrete should be coated with

Bay State Brick and Cement Coating

Unlike other paints it does not destroy the desirable distinctive texture of concrete.

Has been endorsed by the National Board of Fire Underwriters as a Fire Retarder.

It will lessen your fire risk and therefore cut down your insurance when used on wooden partitions, or as a tint on stucco or plaster, in mills, offices, or private dwellings. It becomes a part of the material itself, will not chip, flake or peel off. In overhead painting in textile mills or other manufacturing plants where whitewash or cold water paints would rub off and discolor the goods, Bay State Brick and Cement Coating saves many times its cost.

It is more economical than lead and oil or cold water paints and can be applied to a damp surface. It comes in twenty-four beautiful shades, ranging from white to the most delicate terra cotta. On exterior brick or stucco it keeps out all moisture and gives any desired shade. Ask your dealer.

Write at once for descriptive matter and sample card of colors

Wadsworth, Howland & Co.
Inc.
Paint and Varnish Makers and Lead Corroders
82-84 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

Every *genuine* Chocolate Bud has the name—WILBUR—stamped on it and our Capital trade-mark [illegible]

WILBUR'S CHOCOLATE BUDS

Original in form, distinctive in quality and delicacy of flavor—a taste that haunts the palate.

At your dealer's, or we send a pound box for $1.00. One sample box for 30c and your dealer's address.

Wilbur's Velour Chocolate, for eating only—less sweet—a perfect balance of sugar and cocoa. Flat cakes 10c

H. O. WILBUR & SONS, Inc., 222 Bread St., Philada.
Makers of WILBUR'S COCOA

Electricity

Every one [illegible]

Voltamp Electric Mfg Co Post Bldg Baltimore Md.

STAMPS 108 all diff., Transvaal, Servia, Brazil, Peru, [illegible], Mexico, Natal, Java, etc., and Album, 10c. 1000 Finely Mixed, 20c. 25c. [illegible] Agts. wtd. 50 per ct. List Free. Hoyt Stamps, C. Stegman, 5942 Cote Brilliante Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

KEEP COOL
WITH
COLGATE'S
TALC POWDER

A hot weather comfort. Soothing and absorbent, it dries and cools the skin, retains the refreshing effect of shower or tub and makes dressing easy.

The Safety Powder in the Saving Box

Trial Box sent for 4 cents.
COLGATE & CO., Dep. P. 55 John St., N.Y.
Coristine Building, Montreal

Start a store
of your own

I know of places in every state where retail stores are needed—and I also know something about a retail line that will pay handsome profits on a comparatively small investment—a line in which the possibilities of growth into a large general store are great. This is really an exceptional chance to get started in a paying business, and in a thriving town. No charge for my services. Write today for particulars and booklet telling how others have succeeded in this line and how you can make a substantial success with small capital. EDWARD B. MOON,
8 West Randolph Street, Chicago

We never sell through dealers, but always direct to the smokers in perfect condition

A Rare Tobacco

awaits the smoker who has not discovered the exquisite aroma of

French's Mixture

The Aristocrat of Smoking Tobacco

It pleases instantly and satisfies completely. Only the choicest grades of mellow North Carolina Red [illegible]

Direct from Factory to Smoker

Send 10c (silver or stamps) for large sample pouch and booklet.

FRENCH TOBACCO COMPANY
Dept. S, Statesville, N. C.

that have caused the failure of other plants in the past. One of the most pernicious sources of disaster was the so-called "long" house. Theoretically, this was perfect. You could pass from pen to pen with no loss of time or steps and attend to a thousand head housed under one roof. But the necessity of yarding each pen in a very confined oblong yard, and the rapid contamination of the ground and the resulting epidemic of disease, have proved this style of poultry house to be an open invitation to failure. Five or six years ago some one discovered that the "little Crompton" section of Rhode Island had been making poultry pay for a good many years. It was ascertained that the flocks were housed in colony houses scattered over a wide area, and holding from twenty-five hens upward apiece. No contamination of soil resulted, and though there was no attempt to breed especially for a heavy egg yield by using the trap-nest system, still a very creditable showing was being made. About this time the fresh-air principle of housing poultry was brought forth.

For years it was supposed that, in order to get winter eggs, a spring temperature should be maintained in the laying house. Every one is familiar with the large expanse of sash considered essential to a well-built poultry house. It was, therefore, an incredible thing to believe that the very opposite method would be productive of the results which were being sought after with the warm poultry house. But the open-front laying house has now fully demonstrated its superiority, and is to be added to the factors that are making poultry-raising a most profitable enterprise in these days.

The closed house is damp. Dampness leads to the dreaded "roup"—a contagious catarrhal disease capable of killing off an entire flock in less than a month. The open-front house is dry, due to its perfect ventilation. The hens are hardened to the weather and therefore are not as sensitive to climatic changes as are their sisters in the closed "warm" houses. Sudden changes in the weather do not affect them sufficiently to hinder the egg yield; whereas with the "warm"-house it was well-nigh impossible for the hens to adjust themselves to the weather variations.

Another factor that is helping to make poultry pay today is the vast improvement in artificial aids—incubators and brooders—which, ten years ago, were in the experimental stage of their development. Today we can hatch with certainty eighty to ninety per cent of all the hatchable eggs put into a machine, and the resultant chicks will be the equals, if not the superiors, of their hen-hatched cousins. The average of thousands of eggs set last year and this on our plant is eighty-two per cent hatched of all fertile eggs. Modern brooders, also, are superior to hens for rearing chicks, in that they do not give their charges a heritage of lice and mites to retard their growth, and also because large quantities can be raised at such times as the poultryman may desire, without the necessity of having to wait for hens to become broody.

Marketing the Eggs

But the ultimate success of the modern poultry plant must lie in the securing of a high-class private trade for all eggs. At the current prices for grain no poultry farm will make an adequate return on the money and labor invested if the eggs are wholesaled in any of the country's large markets. It is the development of this selling end of the business which calls forth the ability of the modern poultryman. He must needs be a good advertiser, which does not mean spending comparatively large sums on printers' ink. It all depends on the place. On general principles, the egg business that starts small and gives its first few customers a square deal, boxing its eggs in attractive cardboard boxes, scrupulously clean and uniform in size and color, will soon be overrun with customers without recourse to expensive advertising. This emphasizes the value of a small start, and of growing with your widening market.

Originality attracts attention; and when combined with simplicity it is most effective. The sellers of cold-storage eggs have about exhausted the epithets which they can apply to their product to induce the public to buy. We have "Strictly Fresh Eggs," "Absolutely Fresh Eggs," "Guaranteed Fresh Eggs" and "New-Laid Eggs"; and knowing how little these titles impressed us when we ourselves were consumers, we got out a neat cardboard carton to hold one dozen eggs, on the cover of which appears the following:

THESE
REALLY FRESH EGGS
WERE LAID
DURING THE LAST 24 HOURS
AT THE
FARM
Telephone ——— Prop'r
VISITORS WELCOME

However much may be written on the subject, successful poultry-keeping rests on a comparatively few very well defined principles, the application of which is a problem for each individual to adjust to his particular surroundings and circumstances.

The first is cleanliness. No matter how good the stock and equipment, filth leads to lice and disease and disaster. In our laying houses the roosts are placed a foot above a three-foot-wide platform, which in turn is elevated two feet above the floor. A layer of sand is kept on this platform, and the droppings are raked off each morning. We never have any lice or mites on our stock, and we attribute this to cleanliness. The brooders and quarters of the chicks and of the growing stock are kept very sweet and clean.

The Danger of Crowding

Next in importance is to avoid overcrowding. The laying house should allow three to four square feet of unincumbered floor space and six inches of roost to each layer. This applies to flocks of sixty or over. For smaller flocks four to five square feet are required. As to brooders, no matter what size, sixty chicks under one roof is the limit, and fifty is better.

The average person supposes that the art of raising and keeping chickens successfully depends on some trick of feeding. The essential principles of feeding are: variety, which allows the individual bird some choice; pure drinking-water, changed at least once a day in winter and twice in summer for grown stock and three times a day for growing stock; and lastly, an adequate supply of green food and animal food. For those whose fowls are confined, sprouted oats are the best form of green food; but any vegetable tops, small cabbage, beets or other green food are good. By all odds, beef bones from the butcher-shop, cut up in a green-bone cutter, is the best form of animal food to supply, especially in winter. It will beat any concoction calculated to stimulate egg production, and will not cost over fifty cents a hundred pounds. We would not attempt a winter egg yield without it. Next in importance is exercise.

It is hardly necessary to state that the health of the flock is essential. An observance of the above principles will secure health, more particularly so when the flock is housed in open-front houses or houses with at least a portion of the front open. We use two doors, five by three feet, which are covered with close-mesh hexagonal netting, on the front of our fourteen by fourteen laying houses.

In conclusion, we may add that the poultryman cannot expect to raise chickens very much better than the parent stock. If heavy layers are desired they must be bred from heavy layers. Don't expect a mongrel barnyard fowl on the one hand, or a fancy bird bred for points and feathers on the other hand, to produce you a commercially successful flock of layers. Little by little you can improve the quality of what you get; but considering that a hen can reproduce herself at least fifty times in the breeding season, it does not argue well for the good judgment or ultimate success of a would-be poultry-keeper to buy inferior stock. Fifty dollars invested in ten or twelve trap-nested layers of definitely-ascertained good-laying qualities will prove far better business than expending the same amount for some larger number of fowl of uncertain performance. The trap-nested egg layer has stepped up into the pedigreed class of stock.

TAKE out the Bristles
Clean the Brush Clean

Look at your old-fashioned hair brush, even after it has been "cleaned." You'd be surprised at the accumulation of tangled bits of hair, gray dust like dandruff scales, and particles that you can't get out unless you boil it; and you can't do that with the old-fashioned brush.

You can Clean the By-Town Clean

The By-Town brush can be sterilized—easily. Turning the knob releases the four-part bristle set. Then every part lies before you.

Maybe the bristles are broken. Don't throw the brush away. Just slip in a new part! You always have a new brush.

The parts lock together. There is no looseness or rattle to annoy. There's nothing to get out of order—it's so simple.

See how accessible every [illegible] of the By-Town is. To [illegible] the brush Clean, rub one [illegible] through the other a couple times. Or just drop the [illegible] pieces into hot, soapy water a minute or two. See, it's cleaned Clean!

Cleaning a By-Town

The By Town hair brush is the one absolutely SANITARY hair brush, with the *bristles set in wood*—no metal to turn them green. It costs no more than any good old-fashioned brush. If you have a silver back you prize we can fit it with the By-Town attachment with your choice of bristles. Then it will never wear out.

The good dealers, almost everywhere, handle the 36 different styles of By-Town brushes. There are three wood finishes and three sizes including Military Backs. Also a handsome solid silver back, with the purchaser's monogram engraved upon it, if so desired, at no extra cost.

If your dealer happens to be among the few who don't handle it, write us. We'll send the brush you want on 30 days' trial—free; and for the asking, a booklet telling all about it.

By-Town, Inc., 2 River Street, Aurora, Ill.

A By-Town Complete

At Last—
the Perfect Stropper

Ordinary safety razor strop[illegible] won't sharpen a [illegible] perfectly. For they are not automatic. They require real stropping skill.

We've devised [illegible] that [illegible] Pullman Automatic Safety Razor Stropper leaves nothing to you [illegible] the [illegible] and down the strop. No [illegible] motion is necessary.

And you can't get the wrong bevel, no matter how hard you press on the stropper. For the breadth of the frame keeps the strop flat and the blade always at the proper angle. It gives the blade a keen edge—the same as the *new* blade had—that means a cool, velvet shave.

Sharpens Any Blade

The Pullman [illegible] any safety razor blade—[illegible] or [illegible] straight—as the edges [illegible] the blade. There's nothing to adjust—no possibility of cutting the strop. And the blades it saves you will soon repay the dollar the Pullman costs.

Go to your dealer for the Pullman. Or [illegible] have [illegible] we [illegible] not [illegible] after a two weeks' trial we [illegible] return your money. Stop buying new blades. Write [illegible] to

Dept. 1,
Pullman Mfg. Co., Rochester, N.Y.

The Senator's Secretary

IF ANY Senator had had the nerve to get up in the Senate on the last day of the tariff discussion and move the substitution of the present Dingley law for the patchwork that was about to be passed, and had made a ringing two-hour speech on that subject, telling the truth about this tariff business, I am sure there would have been votes enough to pass it," said an organization Republican Senator.

"Well," I asked, "why didn't you do it?"

"Oh," he replied, "I couldn't. I am a member of the Finance Committee that framed the bill passed by the Senate."

Apparently, none other of the ninety-two could do so, either, for nobody did; and Mr. Aldrich passed his bill by a majority of ten votes, one Democrat, the ever-faithful McEnery, voting with him, and ten Republicans voting against the bill and with the Democrats

That might have happened at that, for the Senate was sick and disgusted with the wrangling and debate that had been going on since April 19. Many Senators consider the present attempt at tariff revision as entirely unnecessary. Many of them go further and say it is foolish As the bill stood when it left the Senate and went to conference it was a hodgepodge of schedules, differing in eight hundred and forty-seven ways from the bill passed by the House, which meant it had been amended eight hundred and forty-seven times by the Senate. How many separate items of it differ nobody knows.

When the bill gets through conference it will be changed many times more, and if it is signed by the President the administrative officers, in four or five years, will begin to have a few glimmerings of what it means; at which time there will probably be a yell for another revision. Of course, if the Democrats should get the next House of Representatives they would try to build a new tariff bill, and the country would go through another period of wondering what was going to happen, and what had happened after it was all over.

Both Parties Pledged to Revision

The newspapers helped the cry for revision of the tariff. The publishers wanted free wood pulp. There was no way of giving the publishers free wood pulp without giving many other manufacturers material reductions or free admission. If they started to revise the tariff in one particular they would have to revise it in many. The demand grew. The Republican leaders in House and Senate did not want to revise the tariff. They were satisfied and they knew exactly the kind of a row and disturbance that would arise. They had to do it, for the newspapers, beginning with their own demands for free wood pulp as a protest against the Paper Trust, took up the demands of others and hammered away until the issue became so pertinent that both parties put it in their platforms and both candidates declared they would call a special session of Congress, immediately after election, for a revision.

Taft was elected and called his special session. The task the House and Senate leaders then had was to make a bluff revision, leaving as many schedules as they could as high or higher than they were in the Dingley bill. There never was a minute when any organization Republican leader in House or Senate had an idea of making a real revision of the tariff. The sainted policy of protection and exigencies of the Republican party stood in the way—the political exigencies. They jammed the bill through the House and sent it to the Senate There is no cloture in the Senate, and it is hard to jam anything there. Still, the most experienced jammer in public life, Mr. Aldrich, had the bill in charge, and he jammed in his own peculiar and effective way.

Then it went to conference. It is there as this is written, but will probably be out by the time it is printed However, it may not be amiss to call attention, even now to the statesmen who made up the conference committee as appointed by the Vice-President and by Speaker Cannon.

The Democrats need not be considered. As examples of gentlemen possessing purely-ornamental functions the Democratic conferees on the tariff bill get all the medals. They were politely called in and as politely shooed out. This was a Republican bill and none but Republicans were to be on guard. "Go away," said the leaders, "and when we get through we will summon you and let you protest against the outrage. Get a good rest, for there is nothing doing in the way of conferring for you."

Vice-President Sherman appointed the conferees on the list handed up to him by Mr. Aldrich. Certainly. He is an organization man and he is there to do as the majority wills him. It was well enough known that Mr. Aldrich intended to take no chances. He wanted tried and true timber on his Senate committee, and he got it, kiln-dried and warranted. In emergencies like these none but the proved-up and worked-out need apply.

The Senators on Guard

Of course, Aldrich headed the list. He is chairman of the Finance Committee that made the bill, and he is the man on whose shoulders the burden had been. His ideas about the tariff and what it should be were well enough shown in the work on the floor. He is a standpatter, a high protectionist, and he knows the reason for every item, both political and economic. Next to Aldrich was Burrows, of Michigan, pussy-footed, regular to the last gasp, amenable to direction, and willing to do what is necessary. Then came Penrose, of Pennsylvania, also an organization man and a high protectionist. Penrose is for whatever the organization wants. Aldrich is the organization. Penrose is dependable and stands without hitching. You'll never see Penrose jumping over the fence. He stays put. Thus, he was valuable as a conferee.

Then came Hale, of Maine, the sub-boss of the Senate. Hale never had a thought that had for its motive the lowering of the tariff. He would make it much higher if he could. Moreover, he has been playing ball with Aldrich for many years, and he is a skilled legislator. He knows all the tricks. Aldrich could go away for a week and leave Hale on guard, and he would never vary a hair's breadth from his instructions. Cullom, of Illinois, was put on to keep Lodge, of Massachusetts, off. Aldrich wanted either Flint, of California, or Smoot, of Utah, on the committee; but Lodge, who ranks each of these on the Finance Committee, would not give way. He insisted that Cullom must be appointed or that he, Lodge, would take the place. Aldrich was too politic to put Lodge on. That would make a representation of three from New England, and even Aldrich didn't have the nerve.

They put Cullom on and told him he wouldn't have to do any work, which he didn't, for he left Washington the day the committee had its first meeting. Cullom wasn't needed except for his vote, which he delivered at the proper time. This left Aldrich, Burrows, Hale and Penrose as the Senate Republican conferees. The tariff revisionists had a fine chance with that outfit, so did the tariff! Analyze the Senate man by man, and four statesmen who are more hidebound as protectionists, more willing to do as the organization demands, more amenable to what Aldrich says, could not be found. Long in the game, skilled politicians, knowing every twist and turn of legislation, manipulators and traders, they typified the Aldrich idea of tariff revision, or rather of tariff; for revision was a secondary proposition, in that most of the revising done was revising upward instead of down.

The Cannon-Aldrich Agreement

There was a thorough understanding between Aldrich and Speaker Cannon. Uncle Joe is also a standpatter. He knew his job and he did it. When his committee list was read it was found that he, like Aldrich, had taken no chances. Far be it from Uncle Joe to hand anything to the sacred policy of protection, and he didn't hand it anything but a bouquet. He skimmed through the House Committee on Ways and Means and picked out his men with care. Combined with Aldrich, Hale, Burrows, Penrose and Cullom, those House conferees represented the apotheosis of what the machine wanted done to the tariff, not what the people wanted in any respect.

Representative Payne, of New York, author of the House bill and chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, headed the House list, as sturdy a protectionist as the country affords and as pat a standpatter. Then came Dalzell, of Pennsylvania, who has the same kind of tariff ideas as Payne; McCall, of Massachusetts, abler than any of them, and sometimes independent, but with whatever independence he wanted to display offset by the fact that his companions were there to do as they were told. Boutell, of Illinois Calderhead, of Kansas; and Fordney, of Michigan, made up the list. They all belong to the Cannon machine. That's why they were picked. The Democrats Clark, of Missouri; Underwood, of Alabama; and Griggs, of Georgia, were only scenery, like the Democrats of the Senate

Put none but the tried and true on guard. You bet! The Senate tore the House bill to pieces to see what made it tick, and put it together in a new way. The House was very indignant, of course; but by a masterful effort, and as one man, the House conferees stifled that indignation, and the two sets of statesmen met with their souls harboring but a single thought and their hearts beating as one — they met to kick the everlasting tar out of the lowering-the-tariff idea, and to readjust things through the medium of schedules placed purposely higher than it was expected they would remain—to readjust, to be exact, their differences on a scale that could be slid through on both sides and passed up to the President with the stern injunction: "Sign here!"

What Will Taft Do?

While the Senate was windjamming for almost three months on the bill there were understandings—that is, Aldrich knew and Cannon knew who the conferees would be, and as soon as a thing was passed it was talked over at sort of pre-conference meetings. Thus, many schedules were adjusted before the bill was in final shape for the Senate. These understandings were strictly along the lines of the organization and the majority. No Democrat got a look-in. Ours is a Government by majority, and Congress is likewise handled. There need be no complaint.

They seesawed in conference and had an awful struggle—for purposes of publication. The House resisted strenuously what the Senate proposed and the Senate refused utterly to accept what the House had to offer. It was a titanic battle—to hear them tell it. They banged and biffed one another around, never receding an inch; but that wasn't necessary. All the receding had been done beforehand, as had all the advancing. Your Uncle Joseph G. Cannon and your other Uncle Nelson W. Aldrich knew exactly what was going to come out before they let it go in. They had sounded out the President and had laid plans to concede to him what was necessary and no more.

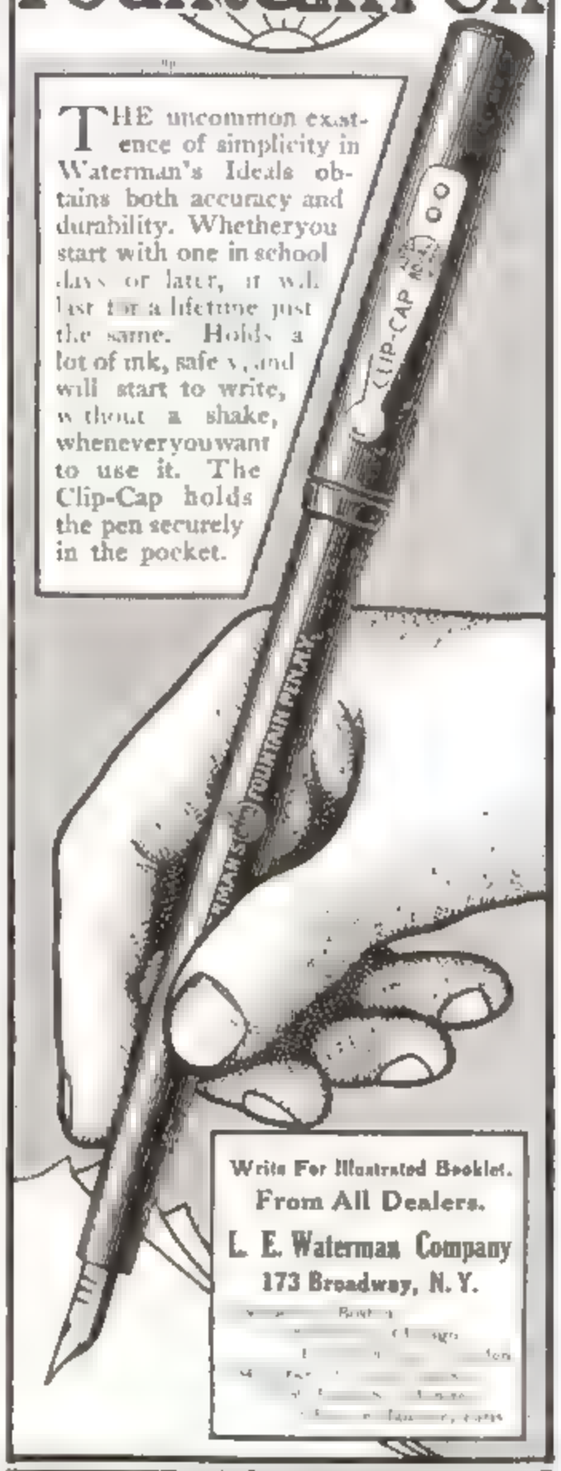
The story, as this is written, is that President Taft will insist on some changes in the corporation-tax plan, for this is his pet. None of the conferees is for a corporation tax, but they will take it as innocuously as possible. They will give in only so much as they can, and if there is a way to slip a joker past they will slip it. At that, it is the opinion of the Senate that the tax will be declared unconstitutional, so they haven't let it worry them much.

When this is read the bill may be out of conference. If it is it will be virtually the kind of a bill that Mr. Aldrich and Mr. Cannon planned months ago. Some things will be changed, for no leaders can win on everything. Legislation is mostly compromise, but the Aldrich-Cannon legislation is based on compromises that have been arranged beforehand and seem to be bigger than they are.

Out in the country the people are asking men from Washington whom they meet: "What do you think of Taft?" and "How is Taft making out?" After seven years of circus at the White House the present calm is disconcerting. Then they ask: "If that tariff bill isn't all right do you think Taft will have the nerve to veto it?"

Well, what do *you* think?

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen



THE uncommon existence of simplicity in Waterman's Ideals obtains both accuracy and durability. Whether you start with one in school days or later, it will last for a lifetime just the same. Holds a lot of ink, safely, and will start to write, without a shake, whenever you want to use it. The Clip-Cap holds the pen securely in the pocket.

Write For Illustrated Booklet.
From All Dealers.
L. E. Waterman Company
173 Broadway, N. Y.

NOW IF HE ONLY HAD A BOX OF
Huyler's

ABSOLUTELY THE PUREST AND BEST CANDIES IN THE WORLD

Genuine Panama Hats $1.00
Rare Bargain in Genuine Panama Hats

on receipt of $1.00
Supply Limited.
PANAMA HAT CO 181-A William St., New York City

At the outset we promised 10,000 cars by January 1, 1910. This is how the record stands at the present writing:

Six thousand owners are now operating the

Cadillac "Thirty"

and six buyers wait for every car delivered

So far this season the American people have expended more than eight and one half millions of dollars in buying one type of car —the Cadillac "Thirty."

They will buy all the cars we can build from now till next July—working 3400 men, night and day.

In delivering this output of 6000 cars our records show that for every hundred cars shipped there have been at least 600 buyers waiting.

There are perhaps not more than 10,000 dealers handling all makes of cars in the country.

Yet more than 6500 have pleaded and urged to be allowed to represent the Cadillac. Their applications are on file at our office.

In spite of the fact that we have carried out our manufacturing and delivery promises of a year ago—many Cadillac dealers who oversold their allotments said to the buyers:—

"We'll gladly give you your money back."

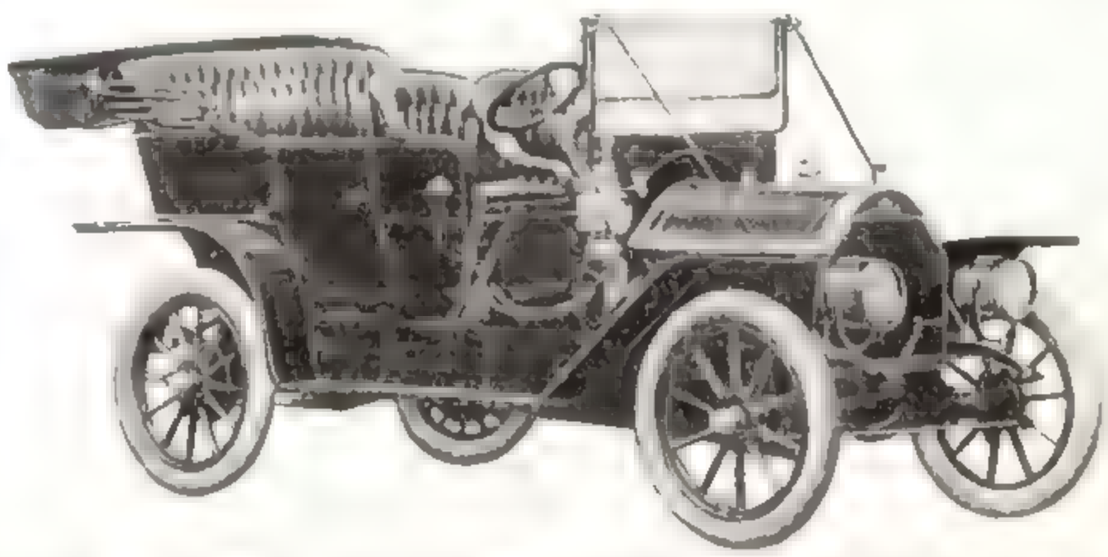
"We don't want the money—we want the Cadillac 'Thirty,'" was the reply.

Unpleasant—but tremendously significant.

Here is a car achieving things that were never achieved before—transforming the automobile sales period, for instance, from a short six months' season into a staple, stable, all-the-year-around demand.

You will remember that we said a year ago that the Cadillac "Thirty" would establish a new standard of automobile values —a prediction that is being gloriously realized.

For—we repeat—the American people will absorb every Cadillac "Thirty" we can build from now till next July.



The Cadillac "Thirty" is furnished either as Touring Car, Demi-Tonneau or Roadster. The price of each type is **$1400.00** F.O.B. Detroit and includes three oil lamps and horn.

Specifications briefly are Four cylinders cast individually, copper water jacketed Thirty horse power. Three speed selective type sliding gear transmission. Direct shaft drive. 106 inch wheel base. Backed by the strongest automobile organization in the world.

How has this come about? Let us stop and study this trade evolution for a minute and see what it means.

In nearly every city the Cadillac dealer has his cars sold before they get into his hands; and snapped up the hour they arrive.

In other cities the dealers have had their cars sold several months ahead.

In such cases customers grow impatient and say: "I can't wait till September"—or October, November or December, as the case may be.

"You can't?" says the dealer quietly. "You can't wait to get a $3000 car for $1400?" The customer always waits.

And that's the answer to the question asked above:—"How has this come about?"

You've never heard of another car from highest to lowest that wasn't criticised some time by some one for some weakness.

But—have you ever heard an honest criticism aimed at the Cadillac "Thirty"?

Stop and think. You've heard the car discussed hundreds, perhaps thousands of times.

Have you ever heard one single solitary complaint—or any comment from anyone—agents, owners or other manufacturers, that wasn't couched in the most eulogistic terms? That's the answer.

The Cadillac "Thirty" is a $3000 car for $1400.

That's why you should be willing to wait a week or two—or even a month if you have to. That's why no consideration should swerve you from your choice—because the Cadillac "Thirty" is a $3000 car for $1400.

Cadillac standards, Cadillac methods and Cadillac policies—in manufacturing and selling—have made possible this greatest of achievements in automobile history. The same Cadillac standards, Cadillac methods and Cadillac policies, in both manufacturing and selling, will continue to be scrupulously maintained and vigorously developed.

Cadillac Motor Car Company MEMBER A. L. A. M. Detroit, Michigan

THE HUMMING BIRD

(Continued from Page 5)

chant from the Kennedy minstrels, led by the vindictive Finnegan:

Oh, McCarty is a pretty boy,
So they say.
And all the girls think Mac's just too
sweet for words.
I wonder why?
'Cause he parts his hair in the middle
and he has a lily cheek.
Oh, is that all?
Well, his ways are soft and pretty and he
has a coaxing smile.
Yes, but can he pitch?

CHORUS:

Look at the part in his hair,
Look at the rose in his cheek,
Look at his arm, his soft, white arm,
But watch for the yellow streak!

Under these favorable circumstances McCarty, with an appearance of extreme insouciance, hurled the ball over the backstop.

Finnegan sprang up solemnly.

"Don't cheer, boys," he cried; "he's rattled!"

McCarty shrugged his shoulders, deliberately calculated the height of the backstop and carefully pitched a drop that struck ten feet in front of home-plate.

Whereupon, Legs Brocket, who hated a pitched ball worse than a yellow-jacket, contemptuously reversed his bat, crossed his feet and assumed a bored, Apollo-Belvedere, waiting attitude.

The Glee Club sang:

Good-by, McCarty, we're going to lose you
now
Good-by, McCarty, you couldn't fan a
cow.
Good-by, McCarty, you certainly are a
pie.
So, good-by, McCarty, good-by!

When the inning ended McCarty had given four bases on balls and allowed three hits, which had produced two runs.

The Tennessee Shad—who had once pitched an outcurve—stepped confidently into the box. Snorky Green's bat, in trying to dodge a wild one, met the ball accidentally and knocked a grounder to Fatty Harris. It was an easy ball, what Finnegan called a foozled dewdrop, and under ordinary circumstances even Harris, who loathed the game, would have covered himself with glory. But right alongside the impressionable third baseman were camped the busy Woodhull rooters, and from the moment he had taken his position Harris had listened to the following:

"Don't cross your feet, Fat."

"Look out, you're going to trip."

"You're playing too close."

"You'll get it in the smeller."

"Fat, you'll get hurt!"

"It's awful rough ground."

"There's a bump just behind you."

"Don't listen to us."

"Keep your mind on the game!"

At this moment the ball from little Snorky's bat came gently bounding toward him. The chorus rose to a shriek:

"Run back!"

"Fall down!"

"Juggle it!"

And Fat, in a buck fever, juggled it.

"Throw high!"

"Throw low!"

"Throw it wild!"

"Wild!"

"Hold it!"

Snorky Green, likewise frightened to death, reached first like a runaway rabbit, to find himself a hero. Instantly he turned, shifted his chewing gum to the other cheek, and spat on his hands.

"Aw, he's a cinch, Crazy," he cried contemptuously to the next batter. "Soak out another beauty."

When the inning ended Finnegan was in glum despair. On five errors and no hits the Woodhull had duplicated the Kennedy's total.

In the second inning, due to the annoying delay in the appearance of the Tennessee Shad's famous outcurve, the score stood, Woodhull 5, Kennedy 3. By the middle of the eighth inning it stood, Woodhull 9, Kennedy 5.

The Tennessee Shad flung himself down beside Finnegan.

"It looks bad, Irish, doesn't it?" he said.

"It's awful, awful," said Finnegan brokenly.

"There's not enough moisture in the air," said the Tennessee Shad by way of explanation. "I think that's the trouble with that outcurve of mine."

"The game's being thrown away," said Irish, devastating the turf in front of him. "You're all right; they only made ten hits off you."

The Tennessee Shad looked at him from under his eyelids.

"Sure, Shad, we're hitting McCarty just as hard. It's Fatty Harris at third is the trouble."

"You see yourself there, do you?"

"Fat has made six errors."

"You can't bat, Irish."

"I can work 'em for a base on balls; but that ain't it. Oh, Shad, just give me a chance on the coaching-line—just one inning, Shad!"

"Why, what would you do?"

"I'd have the whole blooming Woodhull bunch so woozy that they'd have to stop the game every five minutes to unsnarl their fingers."

"You know, Irish, that's a rather swift idea of yours," said the Tennessee Shad, impressed.

"Oh, Shad, will you ask Glendenning, will you? And, Shad, I've got even a better idea."

"Produce it."

"It's a shift formation."

"Say, do you think this is a game of football?"

"No. Listen to me, Shad. What's the matter with us? It's second base, third and short, isn't it?"

"Well?"

"Our outfield is O. K., but it's the infield that loses the game. Now, we want to shift."

"Yes, and have every fly go for a home run."

"Not at all. There are only four fellows on the Woodhull can knock the ball out of the diamond, and they're bunched at the head of the list, aren't they?"

"Sure!"

"Use two formations, Shad. Keep your outfield where it is for the good ones, and shift it for the dubs."

"My wonder, boy!" said the Tennessee Shad in admiration. "That idea will revolutionize house championships. You come with me."

And seizing Finnegan by the collar he swung him to his feet and carried him over to Glendenning.

Ten minutes later the sun burst into a new glory, for Finnegan, encased in a martial mitt, strode out magnificently to left field, rounded a hold in his glove with his fist, cocked his visored cap and proclaimed aloud.

"Hi, Shad—strike out these fuzzy carpet-beaters."

The new formation worked wonders with the astonished Woodhulls; for the first time in the game they ended their inning blanked.

"Now, Irish, you young dictionary," said the Tennessee Shad as the Kennedy frolicked in to bat, "we are all looking at you. We need four runs; go up to the coaching-line and make good!"

Finnegan disdained to boast. He marched like a gladiator to the coaching-box, stuck his arms and legs akimbo, cocked his freckled, star-pointed little nose, and began shrilly:

"Here I am, McCarty, here I am. Over here, right over here. That's it, this way!"

McCarty, surprised, committed the indiscretion of looking over.

"All right, Mac, it's me. It's Finnegan—Dennis de Brian de Boru Finnegan. He's right here, talking to you. But don't look! Keep your eyes on the plate! Don't look over! Don't look, don't. Hiyi, yiyiyi! Ball one! Don't mind me, Mac; don't listen to me. Try and keep your mind on the game. Hi! wild pitch! I'm not going to rattle you, Mac; no siree, oh, no! Whoopee! Up and down the Orinoco River Timbuctoo and North and South Rome Centers. Hi yi, yi yi! Wow! Ball three! Good waiting, Fat, he's scared of you. Watch his eyes now! Watch his rolling eye. Base on balls as good as a hit. What a stroke! Never mind, Fat, I'm here. Finnegan's here. The next is a wide one. Look out now! look out, it's coming! It's—Whoopee! Kibosh! Walla Walla! Wow! Come right up to first, Fat. Thank you, Mister McCarty. I hope my little jocularity doesn't annoy you, Mac. Does it? 'Cause if it does, will I stop it? Ask me. Say, McCarty, do I disturb you? Another ball? Why, Mac, I didn't say anything. Did I? Man on first, Mac. Don't forget that. Throw over now! Throw quick and wild! No? Too bad. Another ball? How sad! Always take mother's advice. Now, all together, on your toes! Spank the good ones, Lovely. On your toes! Here it comes. Ball three! Is it possible? Say, McCarty, I'm here; right over here. Don't forget me, Mac. Finnegan. You know Finnegan, don't you?

"Wow, wow, wow, wow, wow, wow!
Oh, me father's name was Finnegan,
Me mother's name was Kate
Me ninety-nine relations
To you I'll now relate."

While the embattled McCarty, abjured by every one of his mates to keep cool, to hold his nerve, to steady down, strove to banish from his mind the pest on the coaching-line, Finnegan, with arms extended in whirling-dervish fashion, continued to rotate to the slogan of the Finnegans, while the assembled Kennedys periodically broke into the wolfish chorus:

"Wow, wow, wow, wow, wow!"

Now, there is something peculiarly irritating in the last interjection, irritating and insultingly exultant. McCarty was not conscious of being rattled, and yet he had passed two men on balls and was in a fair way to pass a third. He was a little distracted, that was all, by the shrill little insect that kept piping:

"Here I am, McCarty! Right over here! Finnegan. It's Finnegan. Just over here. This way."

McCarty tried getting angry, frowning horribly, gripping the ball and hurling it with vindictive energy. Then he tried to appear amused and succeeded worse. Finally, with a run in and the bases full, a consultation was held at the insistence of the entire Woodhull team. Instantly, the Kennedy Glee Club struck up:

Look at the part in his hair,
Look at the rose on his cheek,
Look at his arm, his lily-white arm,
But watch for the yellow streak.

Watch for the yellow streak, boys,
McCarty never owned a curve.
Watch for the yellow streak, boys!
Watch for the dub who's lost his nerve.

He may be the ladies' darling, boys,
They like 'em soft and sleek;
But we'll get him in any old inning, boys,
For McCarty has a yellow streak.

Now, McCarty happened to be captain of the Woodhull nine, and so could not be ousted violently. He had, in fact, decided to retire in favor of some less impressionable member; but this song was too much for him. He angrily quelled the revolt and strolled back into the box. Besides, Dennis de Brian de Boru was at the bat, and he couldn't resist the opportunity to crush his tormentor.

When Finnegan took up a professional position in the batter's box the space permitted McCarty for strikes was exceedingly small. Likewise, Finnegan materially diminished the slender opportunity. In the first place, he pulled his trousers above the knees and anxiously drew the umpire's attention to their exact location. Then, with heels neatly together and his bat tucked under one ear in the fashion of the perennial Willie Keeler, he selected the frontier edge of the batter's box and impudently declared:

"Give me a nice inshoot, you yellow man, and I'll soak her out."

But McCarty had evolved a crafty scheme for the humiliation of Finnegan. He stood still and with a gentle underhand motion tossed the ball over the plate.

"Strike one!" cried Turkey Reiter, umpire.

"Aw, give me man's size!" said Finnegan angrily.

"Baby ones for baby boys," said McCarty, grinning.

He tossed a second strike amid the jeers of his supporters. But he tried it once too often. On the next ball the enraged Finnegan struck blindly, and to the amazement of all sent a safe hit over third, who was playing in. Two men scored, and

It is so easy to claim too much

For instance, when I pass a tobacconist's window and see a cigar labeled "Clear Havana filler, Sumatra wrapper, two for five cents," I wonder if the dealer expects anyone to believe him or whether the public discounts advertisers' statements by half or more.

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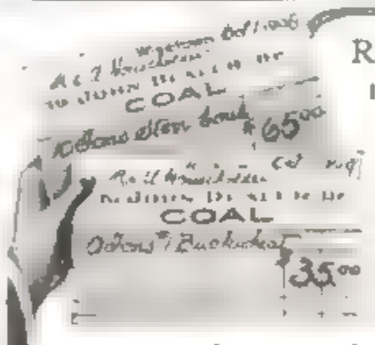

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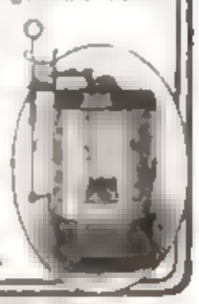

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GOING AWAY THIS SUMMER?

[illegible]

COST NO MORE THAN OTHERS

Straight Back Trunk Co., Toledo, O.

Finnegan, triumphant, danced a breakdown on second. After that it was a rout. Finnegan, back on the coaching-line, exultant and proud, was irresistible. McCarty retired, and the Glee Club sang his demise:

Will some one tell his mother
How poor McCarty died
Will some one write his brother
Who stood there by his side.

He weakened in the second,
In the third he gasped for breath.
But the truth about McCarty is
He was simply scared to death.

The Woodhull sent in four pitchers to face the Kennedy batters and Dennis de Brian de Boru Finnegan, and each fell before the torrent of words. When the inning ended ten runs had gone to the credit of the Kennedy and the victory was won

A quarter of an hour later, as Finnegan and the Tennessee Shad returned exultingly through the village, they met Mr. Bingham of the Woodhull

"An Finnegan" said the master pleasantly "game over?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good game?"

"Pretty good, sir."

"Close?"

"Not very close, sir."

"Who won?" said the master, forced at last to the demand direct.

And Finnegan answered proudly:

"I did."

Finnegan likewise wrote a classic account of the contest for private distribution. It began:

"The game was tucked away when Dennis unmuzzled a humming bird ——

ODDITIES AND NOVELTIES

Barks and Their Uses

THE demand for medicinal barks makes a large draft, it appears, upon the resources of the forests. In a forthcoming bulletin of the Government Plant Bureau Miss Alice Henkel says that seventeen different kinds of barks are recognized by the United States Pharmacopœia as possessing usefulness in the cure of human ailments. Twelve of these are furnished by trees and shrubs growing in the United States.

To furnish these barks multitudes of trees are felled. Something like one hundred thousand cascara trees are sacrificed in this way annually; and the oak, pine, elm, birch, poplar and willow all contribute their quota.

The best time to collect medicinal barks, it seems, is in early spring or late fall—these being the seasons when they contain the greatest quantity of the valuable constituents. After being gathered they should be put in a cool, well-aired place to dry spread on shelves or on the floor and protected from moisture. Sometimes they are strung on wires to facilitate drying

One cascara tree will furnish ten pounds of bark. The crop of this kind of bark in the United States is about one million pounds annually. White pine bark is useful as an expectorant, and is a frequent ingredient of syrups for coughs and colds. Aspen bark is a tonic. Butternut bark is a laxative. White oak bark is a powerful astringent and antiseptic. Horse chestnut bark is a febrifuge and narcotic. The bark of the cramp-bark tree cures stomach-ache

Sweet birch bark, by maceration and distillation, supplies an oil almost identical with wintergreen oil, and which is employed for similar purposes. Everybody knows the bark of the slippery elm, the mucilaginous character of which renders it useful in relieving coughs. Poultices are sometimes made of it.

Sassafras bark is a popular domestic "spring medicine." In early spring the market women display it on their stands, done up in bundles, for making tea. Sassafras oil (from the root-bark) is an anodyne and is used in neuralgia. Last, but by no means least important, is the bark of the witch-hazel, which, together with the twigs, is gathered on a large scale in parts of New England, where farmers bring the brush by cartloads to the distilleries. Its extract, as everybody knows, is used to relieve inflammation—a property of the plant with which the Indians were well acquainted long before Columbus landed.

Why Some Children Stoop

CURRENT scientific investigation appears to show that the boy or girl who stoops does so not through lack of a proper inclination to stand erect but for the reason that the eyes are held too high by the muscles which control their movements. This is a physical defect easily remedied by operative treatment. When the eyes are lowered to the proper plane by skillful clipping of the muscles that draw them upward, the child at once assumes an upright attitude.

The matter is one of no little importance. When the child habitually stoops—in order so to adjust the level of regard as to look straight ahead—the position of the head obstructs the free entrance of air to the windpipe and the lungs. This means that the lungs are not well filled in breathing—a condition which markedly tends to invite attack by consumption.

One of the most striking physical characteristics of consumptives in general is this mode of carrying the head. It makes a weak chest and shoulders. The air-supply is cut off at the larynx. This is the day of treatment for tuberculosis of the lungs by unlimited fresh air, but it is not possible for the child, or older person, who habitually assumes such an attitude to obtain an adequate breathing supply.

So markedly is this pose characteristic of tubercular victims that persons who habitually assume it are commonly said to have a "consumptive look." On the other hand when, as often happens, the eyes are adjusted to too low a plane, dyspepsia is likely to be the consequent affliction. Such a situation of affairs is usually indicated by a habit of holding the chin in the air.

Reckoning the Fire Waste

FOR every two dollars spent on the construction of new buildings in the United States, one dollar's worth of property of the kind goes up in flame and smoke—absolutely wiped out, and a total loss forever.

Fire costs this country two hundred and fifteen million dollars a year, merely for buildings and their contents—this reckoning including insurance, the upkeep of fire departments, and the extra money that cities are obliged to pay for the additional water supply required to deal with fires. This means an expense of six hundred thousand dollars for every day in the year, or twenty-five thousand dollars for every hour of every day.

The fire waste in the United States for the last thirty-three years has amounted to a total of $4,484,326,000. Unfortunately, notwithstanding marked improvements in methods of fighting the destroyer, the damage it does steadily increases. In 1875 it was about seventy-eight million dollars. Eight years later it passed the one-hundred-million-dollar mark, and last year it ran over two hundred million dollars.

These figures are given by the Technologic Branch of the United States Geological Survey, which states that the enormous waste is due mainly to the prevalence of wooden buildings. More than two-thirds of our total fire losses last year were on frame buildings and their contents.

Chiefly because wooden buildings are forbidden in European cities, fire losses abroad are small compared with ours. In this country they amount annually to about two dollars and a half per capita for the entire population. In Europe they are only forty-eight cents per capita. If we kept our per-capita fire loss down to the European mark we would save one hundred and seventy-four million dollars a year.

Obviously, the way to reduce the fire waste is to compel the adoption of fireproof materials for building. Hence the experiments which the Geological Survey has been making for some time past with a view to finding out what materials are best for the purpose. The Government itself owns six hundred million dollars' worth of buildings scattered all over the country, and is anxious to reduce its own losses by fire to the lowest possible point. But, in addition, it is considered that Uncle Sam ought to be a model builder, and to set a good example for the people to follow.

Animal Tastes in Colors

RECENT experiments with monkeys seem to indicate that blue is a favorite color of theirs, being preferred to other hues.

There seems to be no doubt that many kinds of animals do have their preferences in regard to colors. This is especially true of birds, which undoubtedly recognize them and are able to tell them apart. Humming-birds are more attracted by flowers of certain colors than by those of other tints.

Sir John Lubbock found that certain insects were by no means indifferent to colors—ants in particular, which preferred red, and green next. He put strips of colored glass over their nests, and after a time counted the ants congregated under each strip. It was always under the red glass that a great majority would assemble. Bees appear to like blue best.

In a certain district among the foothills of the Caspian Sea a prosperous rug-making industry is carried on by the natives. It is a sort of household industry, and the rugs are woven on carpet frames which often may be seen set up outside of the humble dwellings. Curiously enough, the brilliant colors of the rugs are extremely attractive to the red-legged partridges of the region, which frequently approach and examine them with eager interest.

This fact has given rise to an ingenious method of killing such partridges, the hunter carrying in front of him a wooden frame on which is stretched a sheet of canvas daubed with bright-colored paints. The hunter, when he discovers a covey of the birds, puts the frame up in front of him. Then he waits until they run up within easy shot, and fires through a loophole in the middle of the canvas.

So deadly is this mode of shooting partridges that the Russian Government has been obliged to declare it unlawful in order to save the species from extermination.

Queer Hybrid Animals

IT MAY be that there have been crosses between sheep and goat, but the first hybrid of this kind ever satisfactorily determined was produced not long ago on the farm of a man named Arnaud, near Wentworth, Missouri. An expert of the Department of Agriculture took the trouble to go and identify it.

Since then, however, four other sheep-goats have been produced in New Mexico, on the ranch of that very remarkable person, "Buffalo" Jones, upon whose place also was born the "catalo"—a cross between the male buffalo and the common cow. It is a noteworthy fact that out of sixty catalos bred only three were males. Some of the females had young; two of the males died, and the remaining one had no offspring. All five of the sheep-goats are females, and, so far as known, none of them has produced young. Of course, this is a very important and interesting point. The horse and the ass breed together, as everybody knows, but the resulting mules are without posterity.

The zebra has been successfully crossed with the horse, and likewise with the ass. There are two zebra-asses at an agricultural experiment station near Washington at the present time. It was Hagenbeck, the dealer in wild animals, who first made this cross, however.

Many interesting hybrids have been produced by mating the guinea-fowl with the chicken; and recently the Rhode Island Agricultural Experiment Station has obtained a very remarkable cross between the ring-necked pheasant and the bantam hen.

Such things always seem very odd. Sometimes they happen through accident. Occasionally a cat is born with hindlegs like those of a rabbit, and which jumps like a rabbit also. It is commonly imagined that such cats are half rabbits by descent; but experts in matters zoölogical declare that they are nothing of the kind, but merely "sports"—in other words, freaks of Nature.

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THE DANGER MARK

(Continued from Page 12)

"Aren't men frank with their friends?" she demanded hotly

"About as frank as women."

"I thought"—she hesitated, tingling with the old desire to hurt him, flick him in the raw, make him wince in his exasperating complacency. Then—"I've said it, anyhow. I'm trying to show an interest in you—as you asked me to do ——"

He turned in the darkness, caught her hand:

"You dear little thing," he whispered, laughing.

VI

DURING the week the guests at Roya-Neh were left very much to their own devices. Nobody was asked to do anything; there were several good enough horses at their disposal, two motor cars, a power-boat, canoes, rods, and tennis courts and golf links. The chances are they wanted sea-bathing. Inland guests usually do.

Scott Seagrave, however, concerned himself little about his guests. All day long he moused about his new estate, field-glasses dangling, pockets bulging with untidy odds and ends, until the increasing carelessness of his attire and manners moved Kathleen Severn to protest.

"I don't know what is the matter with you, Scott," she said. "You were always such a fastidious boy. Doesn't anybody ever cut your hair? Doesn't somebody keep your clothes in order?"

"Yes, but I tear 'em again," he replied, carefully examining a small, dark-red newt which he held in the palm of one hand. "I say, Kathleen, look at this little creature. I was messing about under the ledges along Hurryon Brook, and found this amphibious gentleman occupying the ground-floor apartment of a flat stone."

Kathleen craned her dainty neck over the shoulder of his ragged shooting-coat.

"He's red enough to be poisonous, isn't he? Oh, do be careful!"

"It's only a young newt. Take him in your hand; he's cool and clammy and rather agreeable."

"Scott, I won't touch him!"

"Yes, you will!" He caught her by the arm. "I'm going to teach you not to be afraid of things outdoors. This thing is perfectly harmless. Hold out your hand!"

"Oh, Scott, don't make me ——"

"Yes, I will. I thought you and I were going to be in thorough accord and sympathy and everything else."

"Yes, but you mustn't bully me."

"I'm not. I merely want you to get over your absurd fear of live things, so that you and I can really enjoy ourselves. You said you would, Kathleen."

"Can't we be in perfect sympathy and roam about and—and everything, unless I touch such things?"

He said reproachfully, balancing the little creature on his palm: "The fun is in being perfectly confident and fearless. You have no idea how I like all these things. You said you were going to like 'em, too."

"I do—rather."

"Then take this one and pet it."

She glanced at the boy beside her, realizing how completely their former relations were changing.

Long ago she had given all her heart to the Seagrave children—all the unspent passion in her had become an unswerving devotion to them. And now, a woman still young, the devotion remained, but time was modifying it in a manner sometimes disquieting. She tried not to remember that now, in Scott, she had a man to deal with, and tried in vain, and dealt with him weakly; and he was beginning to do with her as he pleased.

"You do like to bully me, don't you?" she said.

"I only want you to like to do what I like to do."

She stood silent a moment, then, with a shudder, held out her hand, fingers rigid and wide apart.

"Oh!" she shuddered as he placed the tiny, dark-red amphibian on the palm, where it crinkled up and lowered its head.

"That's the idea!" he said, delighted. "Here, I'll take it now. Some day you'll be able to handle snakes if you'll only have patience."

"But I don't want to." She stood holding out the contaminated hand for a

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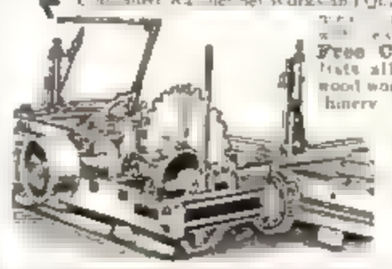

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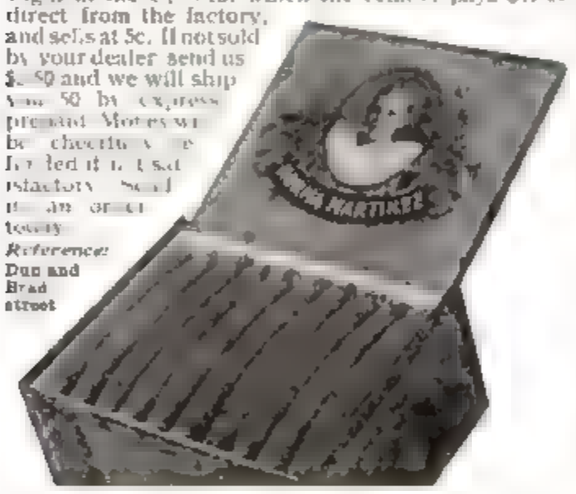

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moment, then dropped on her knees and scrubbed it vigorously in the brook.

"You see," said Scott, squatting cheerfully beside her, "you and I don't yet begin to realize the pleasure that there is in these woods and streams—hidden and waiting for us to discover it. I wouldn't bother with any other woman, but you've always liked what I like, and it's half the fun in having you see these things. Look here, Kathleen, I'm keeping a book of field notes." He extracted from his stuffed pockets a small, leather-covered book, fished out a stylograph, and wrote the date while she watched over his shoulder:

"Discovered what seems to be a small, dark-red newt under a stone near Hurryon Brook. Couldn't make it bite me, so let Kathleen hold it. Query: Is it a land or water lizard, a salamander or a newt, and what does it feed on and where does it deposit its eggs?"

Kathleen's violet eyes wandered to the written page opposite.

"Did you really see an otter, Scott?"

"Yes, I did!" he exclaimed. "Out in the Gray Water, swimming like a dog. That was yesterday afternoon. It's a scarce creature here. I'll tell you what, Kathleen: we'll take our luncheon and go out and spend the day watching for it."

"No," she said, drying her hands on her handkerchief, "I can't spend every minute with you. Ask some other woman."

"What other woman?" She was gazing at the sunlit ripples. A thrill leaped through her veins, but she went on carelessly:

"Take some pretty woman out with you. There are several here——"

"Pretty woman?" he repeated. "Do you think that's the only reason I want you to come?"

"Only reason? What a silly thing to say, Scott! I am not a pretty woman to you—in that sense——"

"You are the prettiest I ever saw," he said, looking at her; and again the unquiet thrill ran like lightning through her veins. But she only laughed carelessly and said:

"Oh, of course, Geraldine and I expect our big brother to say such things."

"It has nothing to do with Geraldine or with brothers," he said doggedly. She strove to laugh, caught his gaze, and, discountenanced, turned toward the stream.

"We can cross on the stepping-stones," she suggested. And after a moment: "Are you coming?"

"See here, Kathleen," he said, "you're not acting squarely with me."

"What do you mean?"

"No, you're not. I'm a man and you know it."

"Of course you are, Scott."

"Then I wish you'd recognize it. What's the use of mortifying me when I act, speak, behave as any man behaves who—who—is—fond of a—person."

"But I don't mean to—to mortify you. What have I done?"

He dug his hands into the pockets of his riding-breeches, took two or three short turns along the bank, came back to where she was standing.

"You probably don't remember," he said, "one night this spring when—when——" He stopped short. The vivid tint in her cheeks was his answer—a swift, disconcerting answer to an incomplete question, the remainder of which he himself had scarcely yet analyzed.

"Scott, dear," she said steadily in spite of her softly-burning cheeks, "I will be quite honest with you if you wish. I do know what you've been trying to say. I am conscious that you are no longer the boy I could pet and love and caress without embarrassment to either of us. You are a man; but try to remember that I am several years older——"

"Does that matter?" he burst out.

"Yes, dear, it does. . . . I care for you—and Geraldine—more than for anybody in the world. I understand your loyalty to me, and I love it. But don't confuse it with any serious sentiment."

"I do care seriously."

"You make me very happy. Care for me very, very seriously; I want you to; I—I need it. But don't mistake the kind of affection that we have for each other for anything deeper, will you?"

"Don't you want to care for me—that way?"

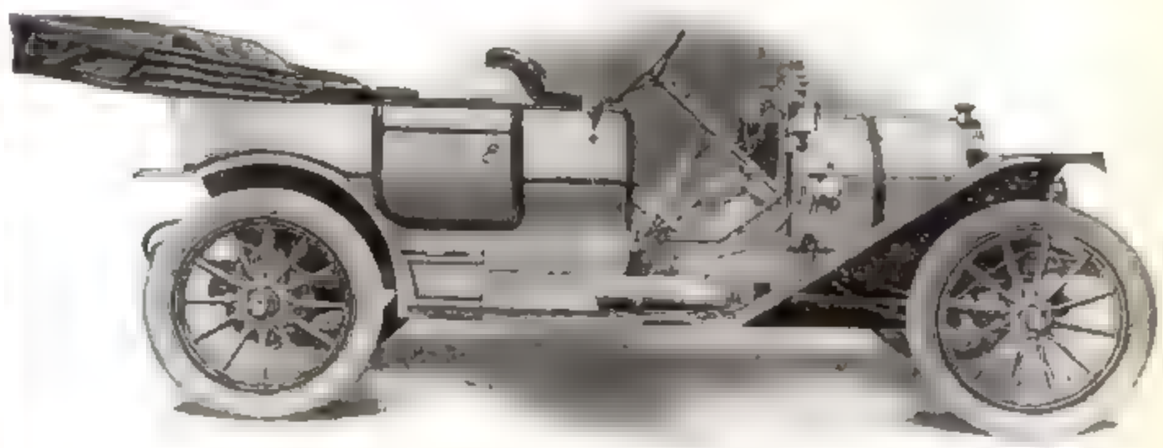
"Not *that* way, Scott."

"Why?"

"I've told you. I'm so much older——"

"*Couldn't* you, all the same?"

She was trembling inwardly. She leaned against a white birch and passed one hand



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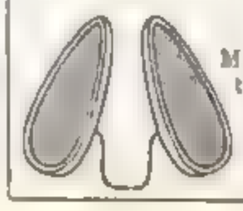

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across her eyes and upward through the thick, burnished hair

"No, I couldn't," she whispered

The boy walked to the edge of the brook Past him hurried the sun-tipped ripples; under them, in irregular wedge formation, little ones ahead, big ones in the rear, lay a school of trout, wavering silhouettes of amber against the bottom sands.

One arm encircling the birch she looked after him in silence, waiting. And after a while he turned and came back to her

"I suppose you knew I fell in love with you that night when—when you remember, don't you?"

She did not answer.

"I don't know how it happened," he said; "something about you did it. I want to say that I've loved you ever since It's made me serious. . . . I haven't bothered with girls since. You are the only woman who interests me. I think about you most of the time when I'm not doing something else," he explained naïvely. "I know perfectly well I'm in love with you because I don't dare touch you—and I've never thought of of kissing you goodnight as we used to before that night last spring. . . . You remember that we didn't do it that night, don't you?"

Still no answer, and Kathleen's delicate, blue-veined hands were clenched at her sides and her breath came irregularly.

"That was the reason," he said. "I don't know how I've found courage to tell you. I've often been afraid you would laugh at me if I told you. . . . If it's only our age—you seem as young as I do. . . ." He looked up hopefully, but she made no response.

The boy drew a long breath.

"I love you, anyway," he said. "And that's how it is."

She neither spoke nor stirred.

"I suppose," he went on, "because I was such a beast of a boy, you can never forget it."

"You were the sweetest, the best ——" Her voice broke; she swung about, moved away a few paces, stood still. When he halted behind her she turned

"Dearest," she said tremulously, "let me give you what I can—love, as always—solicitude, companionship, deep sympathy in your pleasures, deep interest in your amusements. . . . Don't ask for more; don't think that you want more. Don't try to change the loyalty and love you have always had for something you—neither of us understands—neither of us ought to desire—or even think of ——"

"Why?"

"Can't you understand? Even if I were not too old in years I dare not give up what I have of you and Geraldine for this new—for anything more hazardous. . . . Suppose it were so—that I could venture to think I cared for you that way? What might I put in peril?—Geraldine's affection for me—perhaps her relations with you. . . . And the world is cynical, Scott, and you are wealthy even among very rich men, and I was your paid guardian—quite penniless—engaged to care for and instruct ——"

"Don't say such things!" he said angrily.

"The world would say them—your friends—perhaps Geraldine might be led to doubt—— Oh, Scott, dear, I know, I know! And above all—I am afraid. There are too many years between us too many blessed memories of my children to risk. . . . Don't try to make me care for you in any other way."

A quick flame leaped in his eyes.

"*Could* I?"

"No!" she exclaimed, appalled.

"Then why do you ask me not to try? I believe I could!"

"You cannot! You cannot, believe me. Won't you believe me? It must not happen, it is all wrong—in every way ——"

He stood looking at her with a new expression on his face

"If you are so alarmed," he said slowly, "you must have already thought about it You'll think about it now, anyway."

"We are both going to forget it. Promise that you will!" She added hurriedly: "Drop my hand, please; there is Geraldine—and Mr. Grandcourt, too! . . . Tell me—do my eyes look queer? Are they red and horrid? . . . Don't look at me that way. For goodness' sake, don't display any personal interest in me. Go and turn over some flat rocks and find some lizards!"

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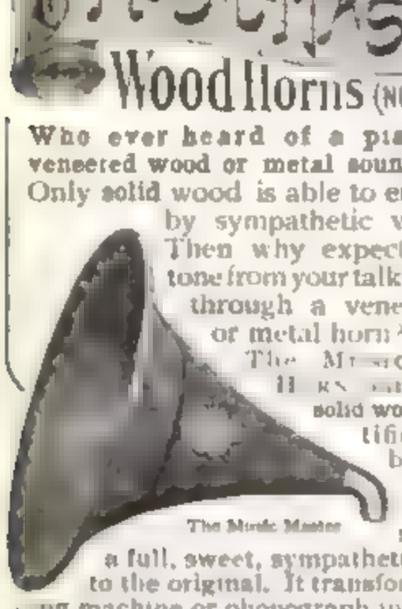
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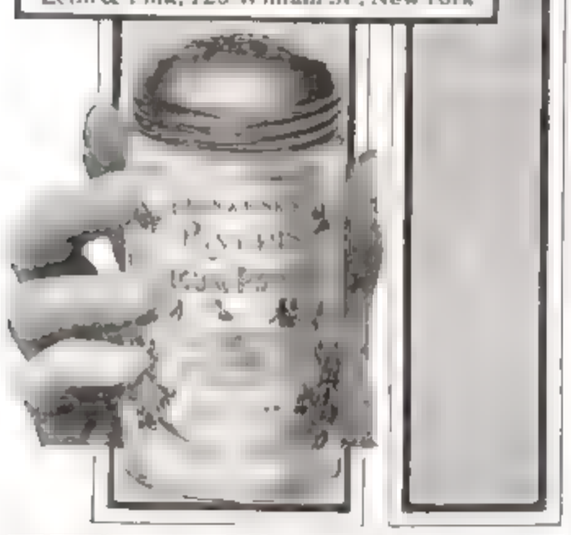

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usual, carrying the rods and catching the artificial flies in the bushes at every step.

"We're all out of trout at the house!" she called across the stream to her brother. "Jack Dysart is fishing down the creek with Naida and Sylvia. Where is Duane?"

"Somewhere around, I suppose," replied Scott vaguely. His sister took a running jump, cleared the bank and alighted on a rock in the stream. Poised there she looked back at Grandcourt, laughed, sprang forward from stone to stone, and leaped to the moss beside Kathleen.

"Hello, dear!" she nodded. "Where did you cross? And where is Duane?"

"We crossed by the log bridge below," replied Kathleen. She added: "Duane left us half an hour ago. Wasn't it half an hour ago, Scott?" with a rising inflection that conveyed something of warning, something of an appeal. But on Scott's face the sullen, disconcerted expression had not entirely faded, and his sister inspected him curiously. Then, without knowing why, she turned and looked at Kathleen.

There was a subdued and dewy brilliancy in Kathleen's eyes, a bright freshness to her cheeks, radiantly and absurdly youthful; and something else something so indefinable, so subtle, that only another woman's instinct might divine it—something invisible and inward, which transfigured her with a youthful loveliness almost startling.

They looked at one another. Geraldine, conscious of something she could not understand, glanced again at her sulky brother.

"What's amiss, Scott?" she asked. "Has anything gone wrong anywhere?"

Scott, pretending to be very busy in untangling Grandcourt's cast from the branches of a lusty young birch, said: "No, of course not," and the girl, wondering, turned to Kathleen, who sustained her questioning eyes without a tremor.

"What's the matter with Scott?" asked his sister. "He's the guiltiest-looking man—why, it's absurd, Kathleen! Upon my word, the boy is blushing!"

"What!" exclaimed Scott so furiously that everybody laughed. And presently Geraldine asked again where Duane was.

"Rosalie Dysart is canoeing on the Gray Water, and she hailed him, and he left us and went down to the river," said Kathleen.

"Did Duane join her?"

"I think so ——" She hesitated, watching Geraldine's somber eyes. "I really don't know," she added. And in a lower voice: "I wish either Duane or Rosalie would go. They certainly are behaving unwisely."

Geraldine turned and looked through the woods toward the Gray Water.

"It's their affair," she said curtly. "I've got to make De Lancy fish, or we won't have enough trout for luncheon. Scott!" calling to her brother, "your horrid trout won't rise this morning. For goodness' sake, try to catch something besides lizards and water-beetles!"

For a moment she stood looking around her, as though perplexed and preoccupied. There was sunlight on the glade and on the ripples, but it seemed to have become rather duller to her.

She walked upstream for a little distance before she noticed Grandcourt plodding faithfully at her heels.

"Oh!" she said impatiently, "I thought you were fishing. You must catch something, you know, or we'll all go hungry."

"Nothing bites on these bally flies," he explained.

"Nothing bites because your flies are usually caught in a treetop. Trout are not arboreal. I'm ashamed of you, De Lancy. If you can't keep your line free in the woods"—she hesitated, then reddening a little under her tan—"you had better go and get a canoe and find Duane Mallett and help him catch—something worth while."

"Don't you want me to stay with you?" asked the big, awkward fellow appealingly. "There's no fun in being with Rosalie and Duane."

"No, I don't. Look! Your flies are in that bush! Untangle them and go to the Gray Water."

"Won't you come, too, Miss Seagrave?"

"No; I'm going back to the house. . . . And don't you dare return without a decent brace of trout."

As Geraldine turned homeward, her accustomed elasticity appeared to have left her; the sun was becoming oppressive; her white-shod feet dragged a little, which was so unusual that she straightened her head and shoulders with nervous abruptness.

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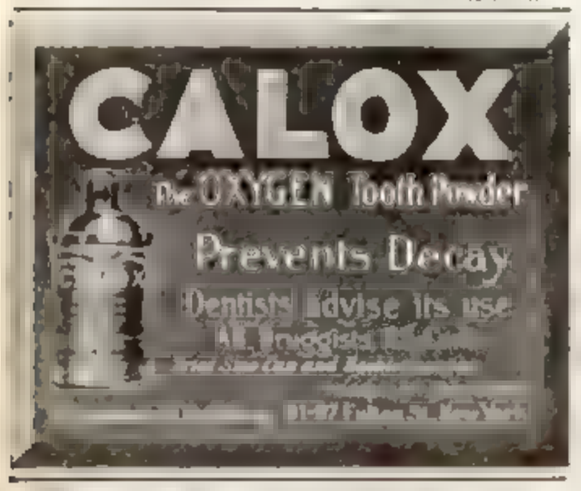

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"What on earth is the matter with me?" she said, half aloud, to herself.

During these last two months, and apparently apropos of nothing at all, an unaccustomed sense of depression sometimes crept upon her.

At first she disregarded it as the purely physical lassitude of spring, but now it was beginning to disquiet her. Once a hazy suspicion took shape—hastily dismissed that some sense, some long-suppressed desire within her was troubling her. The same idea had awakened again that evening on the terrace when the faint odor from the decanter attracted her. And again she suspected and shrank away into herself, shocked, frightened, surprised, yet still defiantly incredulous.

Since that night in early spring when fear and horror of herself had suddenly checked a custom which she had hitherto supposed to be nothing worse than foolish, twice—once inadvertently, once deliberately—she had sought relief from sleepless nervousness and this new depression in the old and apparently harmless manner of her girlhood. But for weeks now she had exercised confident control of herself.

All her elasticity was gone now; tired without reason, she plodded on along the road in her little white shoes, head bent, brown eyes brooding, striving to fix her somber thoughts on Duane Mallett.

"Anyway," she said half aloud, "even if I ever could care for him, I dare not let myself do it with this absurd inclination always threatening me."

She had said it! Scarcely yet understanding the purport of her own words, yet electrified, glaringly enlightened by them, she halted. A confused sense that something vital had occurred in her life stilled her heart and her breathing together.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

ONE MORE MARTYR

(Concluded from Page 13)

What a chance! You can leave a reputation as great as your brother's greater, even; you could crack jokes and burst out laughing just when they go to fire ——"

Then, as suddenly as she had flown into a passion, she burst into tears and flung her arms about her boy and clung to him and mothered him until in the depths of his surly, craven heart he was touched and strengthened.

"Don't be afraid for me, Mother," he said. "I do not like even the blank cartridges, God forgive me; but I will not shame you."

She kissed him again and again and laughed and cried. And when the guard opened the door and said that the time was up she patted her boy upon the cheeks and shoulders and smiled bravely into his face. Then she left him.

The execution of Manuel D'Acosta was not less inspiring to the patriotic heart than that of his brother Juan. And who knows but that it may have been as difficult an act of control for the former to face the blank cartridges as for the latter to stand up to those loaded with ball. Like Juan, Manuel stood against the wall with a cigarette between his lips. Like Juan, he sought out his mother's face among the spectators and smiled at her bravely. He did not stand so modestly, so gentlemanly as Juan had done, but with a touch of bravado, an occasional half-swaggering swing from the hips, an upward tilt of the chin.

"I told you he would turn stoic," the Colonel whispered to one of the officers who had taken part in the trial. "I know these Cubans."

It was all very edifying. Like Juan, Manuel spat out his cigarette when it had burned too short. But, unlike Juan, he made no dying speech. He felt that he was still too hoarse to be effective. Instead, at the command, "Aim!" he burst out laughing, as if in derision of the well-known lack of marksmanship which prevailed among the Spaniards.

He was nearly torn in two.

Those who lifted him into his coffin noticed that the expression upon his face was one of blank astonishment, as if the beyond had contained an immeasurable surprise for him.

His mother took a certain comfort from the manner of his dying, but it was the memory of her other boy that really enabled her to live out her life without going mad.

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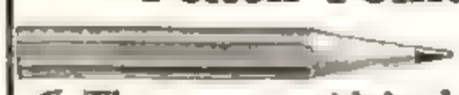

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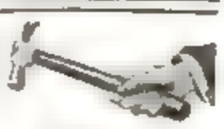

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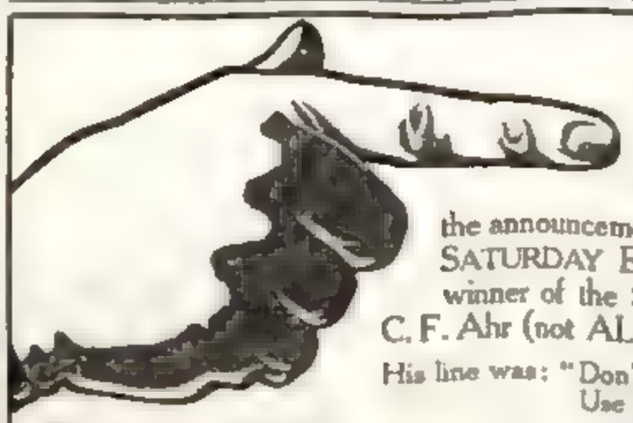

An Apology

Through error first prize was awarded to Mr. C. F. Alm, of Denver, Colo., in the announcement of Pompeian prize winners in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, May 29th. The winner of the $100 prize sentence contest was Mr. C. F. Ahr (not ALM), P. O. Box 1559, Denver, Colo.

His line was: "Don't *envy* a good complexion;
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THE PLACID GAME OF CRICKET

(Concluded from Page 7)

The virtues of cricket are many. In the first place, it teaches patience. An Englishman who has stood out in the field for three days in a cricket match, without anything in particular to do, can stand on a street corner for half an hour, waiting for a 'bus, without experiencing the slightest emotion. On the other hand, the spectator of a cricket game becomes inured to exposure and comes in time to regard office routine as a pleasurable and exciting diversion. The game develops the manners of the player to a wonderful extent, and may even be of some slight benefit as exercise when played incessantly. It is a great aid in learning to dress correctly and in the cultivation of that repose which is so essential to the proper enjoyment of a small life income in peaceful idleness; but it doesn't help the vocabulary any. A wooden Indian's vocabulary would be sufficient in the hottest match ever pulled off between two championship teams.

The great trouble with cricket from the American point of view is its length. It isn't a game, really; it is a condition, or an epoch. No one can attend all of a cricket game—at least no American could. There are no crises in the game, and not enough excitement to warrant a man in throwing up his hat once in ten years. Dearly as Britons love cricket they do not go to see the games. A championship match brings out a few hundred people at a time. The Englishman gets off for an afternoon, sits three or four hours in a cold wind watching the players dribbling the ball here and there, and goes home full of reverence for the game and of gratitude because he doesn't have to go the next day.

And yet the game might easily be magnificent. If America ever got interested in it she would make a real game of it in less than no time. The change of a few rules would do it. Make the player run on any ball he hits. This would wear the batter out in a reasonable time, and would make it impossible for a homely man to occupy the center of attraction for a whole day while his teammates sat in the clubhouse soaking up Oolong and cigarettes. If this were not sufficient, charge the fielder with an error every time he misses the ball. This would introduce an element of haste into the game which is now totally wanting. If more reforms were needed, compel the team in the field to put a player out before retiring for luncheon. This would bring matters up with a jolt. It would be a mighty difficult matter for a batter to stand all morning spoiling good ones, when every man in the field had an appetite of three hours' standing and his own mates were tightening up their belts and yelling at him to miss the ball and come on in to grub.

These few simple rules would permit an ordinary game of cricket to be played in three hours and would enable the enthusiast to see the entire match without applying for his annual vacation. The result would be large crowds, fast playing, less dignity and more torn trousers, fewer snores from the bleachers and more roars from the players—more brilliant fielding and less timidity about laying violent hands on the ball. It would make a real game out of cricket. There is no doubt that it has wonderful possibilities, but the only one that has been thoroughly developed thus far is its ability to stretch on into the ages in an unfinished condition.

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Just as a pair of robins build
Their love-wrought nest without the aid
Of some conceited bird who dares
To tell them how it shall be made,
So John and Mary proudly planned
Their home, and deemed 'twould be a sin,
Amid their rosy dreams, to let
An architect come butting in.

Alas! it was not wisely planned,
For doors and windows, so they find,
Are out of place; some rooms too large
And some too small; but, never mind!
With pride they show their house to friends,
Who, as they view it, come to know
Why John and Mary will persist
In calling it their "bungle, oh!"

—*Nixon Waterman.*

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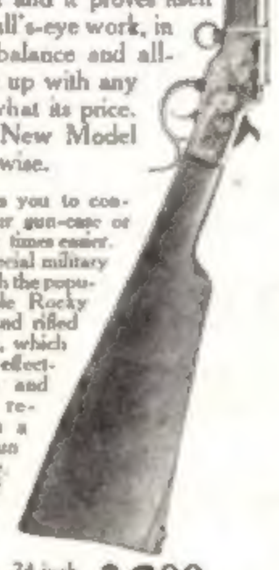

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THE GENTLEMEN FROM MISSOURI

(Concluded from Page 9)

As to question No. 3, the Comptroller admitted that it is too drastic. The word "generally" would be better than the phrase "in all its details."

An interesting comment was made by Mr. Murray on question No. 7. He said it had been shown that the man who goes wrong in a bank is generally found to be not the plain, ordinary human being as most of us are, but either a high-roller or a man who lives such a secretive life that no one knows anything about him.

Apropos of question No. 16, a curious thing happened which shows the uncertain attitude of depositors, some of whom it is almost necessary to assault and rob in order to get their passbooks for balancing.

The Comptroller's men tried to get together at one time all the passbooks in a bank as an experiment. An institution was chosen the name of which is synonymous with strength and conservative management the world over.

It is quite fair to presume that the printed request sent to this bank's customers was carefully and intelligently worded. Yet dozens of the recipients rushed in, wanting to know if there was anything wrong with the bank.

Now, when all the banks in the country have answered in some manner all the questions printed here they are to be analyzed so as to form the basis of future action in the way of legislation to be recommended to Congress, or of such action as may come within the scope of the Comptroller's present power.

The writer has but recently seen a sample of the latter. So far as the Comptroller's office is concerned national banks are to be divided into four classes, according to the manner in which the twenty-nine questions are answered and to the reports of the examiners.

Their management is to be described as "excellent," "good," "fair" and "poor." Those banks in the last class are to be examined four times a year instead of twice as heretofore, and in each case the directors are to be called in to assist the operation.

Under such measures there is no doubt that these banks will attain a much higher degree of efficiency in their management. Then there will be fewer cases like that bank in which a clerk was tripped up before he had done much damage. The culprit in this case was hauled before the directors to take his medicine. He confessed at once, describing in detail how he had done the crooked work. It had been like taking candy from a child.

Although confessedly ignorant as to the bank's methods of doing business, one of the younger directors proved himself at least a humorist, for he gravely arose and proposed a vote of thanks to the criminal for his modesty and forbearance in not "swiping the whole shooting-match."

Shirking Bank Directors

In another bank there were nine directors, including the cashier, who was vice-president. He and the president practically owned the bank. The pair, together with another director, composed the discount committee. What the three of them did to that bank was "good and plenty." When the crash came it was found that four of these nine directors had not attended a board meeting in nearly two years and that the others came "once in a while." Nevertheless, five dollars had been placed to the credit of each of the directors every board day, which, under the circumstances, seemed to be payment for keeping away.

It would seem almost impossible that the directors of two closely-affiliated banks should be ignorant of the fact that both of them were in bad shape; that when the examiner came into one of them large amounts of collateral would be taken from the other to make up shortages, and vice versa.

The way this fact came out, as told the writer, was that one of the most trusted employees in one of these institutions got married, and he asked for a substantial raise in salary—which was no doubt due him—and was turned down hard, in such a manner as to arouse his ire. Thereupon, the employee went to the examiner and, naming the two banks, said: "When you take hold of one get busy with the other on the same day. Go after the loans and discounts first in each one."

There is many a man who simply allows the use of his name on the board of directors of a bank without realizing the responsibilities he assumes. It is also quite true that if many of the questions propounded by the Comptroller are to constitute precedents upon which the fitness of a director depends there will be many a resignation from such offices and much trouble in getting men who have the knowledge, time or the inclination for it.

However that may be, directors will hereafter be unable to plead ignorance in matters which the Comptroller has criticised. For the Comptroller will demand that his letter of criticism be spread upon the minutes of the bank, and that the answer to his letter be signed by the directors themselves.

Senator Owen's Views

It must not be supposed from what has been said here that national banks are carelessly or badly managed, except here and there, or that the examination of them, as a rule, is superficial or inefficient. Quite the contrary is true, for the National Banking Association stands today a living monument to as fine a set of men, officers and employees, as can be found. In witness is the following statement from a speech by Honorable Robert L. Owen in the United States Senate:

> The report of the Comptroller of the Currency, 1907, page 28, shows the net loss to creditors of the insolvent banks since 1898 as follows:
>
> | | |
> |---|---|
> | 1898 | $ 42,796 |
> | 1899 | 361,181 |
> | 1900 | None |
> | 1901 | 117,569 |
> | 1902 | 1,113 |
> | 1903 | 34,458 |
> | 1904 | 201,084 |
> | 1905 | 4,767 |
> | 1906 | None |
>
> This is an average of about $85,000 per annum against net deposits August 22, 1907, $5,256,000,000, a loss to the national bank depositors of only about one dollar in sixty thousand dollars per annum.
>
> Today we have the most perfect banking system in the world in the national banks of this country, I think. Their losses to their creditors during the last nine years have averaged only about one dollar in seventy thousand a year. There were losses of eighty thousand per annum only, out of nearly six thousand millions of deposits.
>
> There never was in the history of man a finer record of integrity, of intelligence and of good business than is shown by this record of the national banks, and this country has a right to be proud of that record.

Curiously enough, the above is taken from a speech of the Senator from Oklahoma advocating the guarantee of bank deposits. He advocated the measure, however, primarily as a preventive of panics.

It is possible that the efforts of Comptroller Murray will reduce the losses made by national banks to a merely negligible amount and thus render useless a law the wisdom of which is yet to be proved.

However that may be, the fact will always remain that the whole fabric of commerce, its very warp and woof, is woven upon a foundation of confidence in the good faith and sound judgment of our fellow-men. It has been so ever since the first bill of exchange was issued before the time of Christ.

Loss of confidence will destroy any business, that of the banks quickest of all. Therefore, it behooves those of us who handle other people's money to be very careful lest destruction come upon us also.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr. Stabler upon the bank examiner and his work.

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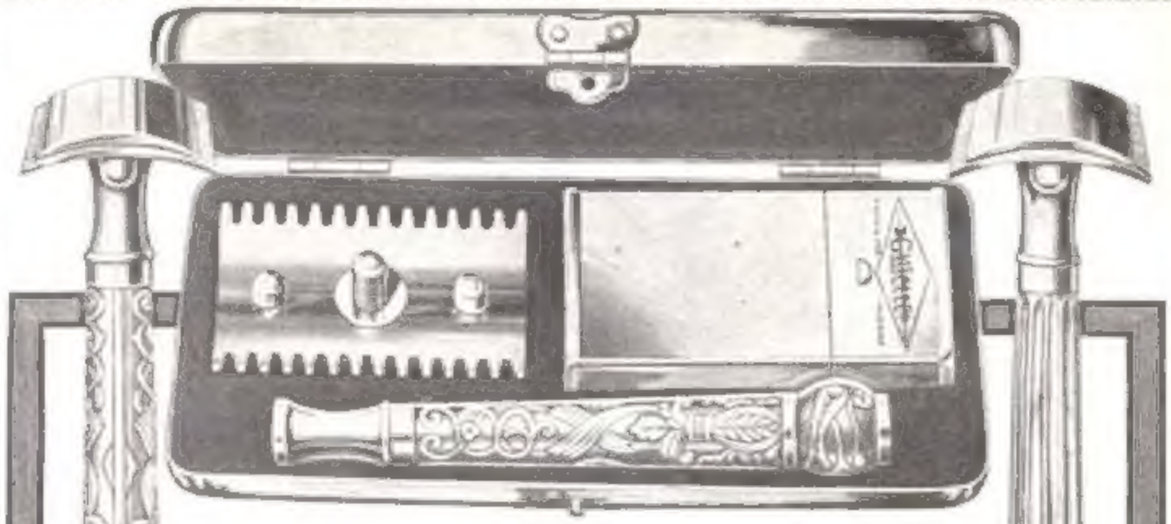

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